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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The King's generous gift to the Treasury of £100,000 strikes the imagination. It has every quality which goes to the composition of a fine gesture. It is most generous, and timed with rare tact, and most courteously offered. For in the discretion it leaves to the Treasury as to how it shall be spent it appears as an act of confidence in his Ministers. The King has, in the ancient sense, "prevented" us all in our dealings with the Treasury; and his example will not be lost upon the country.

We have often touched upon the Royal part in this war. The constant care and service of the King are known to all who have considered at all closely what his work has been during the last two years. There is also the work of the Prince of Wales, of whom this week we read that he has been promoted captain. Few people know exactly how hard the Prince has worked as a young soldier anxious to be spared no hardship or peril that he can be permitted to incur. He has chosen to earn his promotion, and it has been thoroughly well earned in France and Flanders.

Mr. McKenna's Budget speech has been freely described as a model. If this be so, Budget speeches are like the histories of happy nations—best when there is least to say about them. Mr. McKenna's speech was from end to end made up of curt statements and figures. Only rarely was there a brief passage dealing with general points. One of these passages held out to the country a prospect that the war might become cheaper in the coming year. The huge cost of the war has been due to our being unprepared in every way to enter upon a great land campaign. So, briefly, we may read Mr. McKenna's "overwhelming pressure consequent upon the creation under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty of a vast new military organisation". Now that the early stress and desperate opportunism of the initial stages are over we may, says Mr. McKenna, hope to get better value for the huge sum expended.

Nevertheless, Mr. McKenna budgets on the old scale, and we are inclined to think his costly budgeting is rather more significant than his hopes of relief.

The second general passage of note in his speech was a brief apology, not for the heavy taxes, but for their not being even heavier. Mr. McKenna, indeed, is surprised by his own moderation and anxious to justify it in the eyes of those who are asking for taxation even more heroic. He is a happy Chancellor of the Exchequer who can thus count upon taxpayers willing and eager to pay him almost anything he cares to ask. Here, indeed, we touch on a substantial evidence of the country's resolution. There is no doubt that the public will cheerfully pay what is necessary. No serious criticism has been heard against the new Budget on the score of its hardships. So sensible is the Government of the spirit of the public in this matter that Mr. McKenna, budgeting for a revenue of over £500,000,000, prefaches his new taxes with a careful explanation as to why they are not more considerable.

The new taxes are undisputed, except only the tax on travel; and this tax is not resented as a tax on travel, but as a tax on getting to and from one's work. We hope the Government will stick to their decision as to this tax. The Budget, as a whole, is a "least resistance" Budget, and it will have a very bad public effect if on the one tax which is questioned the Government shows any disposition to reverse its considered opinion. The other new taxes—mineral waters, cider, perry, matches, and amusements—are accepted with resignation; and the tax on amusements is a thoroughly popular tax. It is not even resented by the providers of distraction; for they know that the people who crowd to-day to flashy entertainments and bad plays are incorrigible. They will continue to crowd, and they will have the added comfort of feeling that they are helping to pay for the war.

Increased taxes are levied on income, motor-cars

and cycles, sugar, cocoa, coffee, and excess profits. The biggest increase is upon cocoa and coffee—the cocoa tax being four times what it was, the coffee tax being doubled. Excess profits duty is raised from 50 to 60 per cent. The income tax, by far the most important part of the Budget, is variously raised by amounts ranging from 2d. to 1s. 6d. in the £ according to amount of income and whether earned or unearned. The rise is greater for the greater income. Sugar has an added tax of 1d. a pound. The duty on motor-cars under 16 horse power is doubled, over 16 horse power it is trebled.

But the chief thing about the new Budget is not what it does, but what it fails to do. Nothing, apparently, is to be done in the direction of a general tariff. The Government prefers to exclude whole categories of articles from entering Great Britain to allowing them to enter and pay toll. Not a word is said of the mobilisation of the Empire's resources, and the forging of economic weapons against the enemy. The Budget is the old Budget with the old features—some of them disproportionately swollen. The ratio of direct taxation to indirect gets farther and farther to the wrong side. Direct taxation will raise 72 per cent. of our revenue in the coming year, while income tax alone has been increased by £43,000,000. It is a hand-to-mouth and a pettifogging Budget, whose essential commonplaceness and lack of initiative is hardly obscured by the huge sums involved. These sums, indeed, stupefy rather than illuminate.

Two of our Allies have been much in our thoughts during the last week. Mr. Asquith has returned from Italy after a round of visits and conferences. Everywhere he found cordiality and enthusiasm; and he has been able to deliver to Italy from England a personal message of friendship and faith. Meantime in London we have received Prince Alexander of Serbia and M. Pashitch, and had the privilege of showing them how great is our admiration for the heroic part Serbia has played, and how set we are upon doing all in our power to have Serbia righted. M. Pashitch and Prince Alexander have each spoken freely of the wish of their heart—Serbia's aspiration for a strong and free Serbian kingdom based upon nationality.

During the next fortnight the Government is likely to be put to a severe ordeal, one way and another. There is Mesopotamia, of which it is not desirable to say more to-day than this—that on Wednesday General Lake's Tigris corps attacked and carried the enemy's entrenched position at Umm-el-Hannah and that a further success was achieved a few hours later, which at least is better news than was expected. And there is the agitation at home as to the position of the married attested men, and the movements of the two large Parliamentary Committees, one of them led by Sir Edward Carson. We find, from enquiries, that the prospect of this question soon passing away or quieting down is not promising. It may grow at any time very formidable, and even critical from the present Ministry's point of view.

The truth is, the married men who are agitating are both right and wrong. They are fully justified in pressing that the pledge shall be kept faithfully in spirit and the single men sent first. But they are wrong and impertinent—to use this word in its original and undemoralised sense—in clamouring for Lord Derby's head on a charger. They might, moreover, as well cry for the head of the Man in the Moon. There is no reason in the demand. Lord Derby's head is set on his shoulders, and is going to remain there: it is a way heads of men like Lord Derby have. But suppose, as seems likely, that the married men all over the country drop the anti-Derby childishness which Sir Edward Carson condemns severely, and concentrate on the pledge and on the completion of the Military Service Act, they will prove very powerful. The worst

of it is that—as we pointed out last week—the extraction of the single men in a body, or, rather, the enlisting of them in a body, will take time. It is now doubtful whether it can be done under *four months* from now—we do not write from guesswork or rumour.

The formidable list of trades once exempted, but now denied exemption, is now proclaimed. It fully explains how the single men have been able to get away in such numbers. Here are the holes and corners all exposed—silk industries, lace industries, and what not. The refugees are now pulled about their ears and the refugees stand naked to a world which has suddenly taken on the aspect of a pitiless recruiting sergeant. They will most of them in due time find their way into the fighting line. There is less excuse than ever now for fuss or holding back on the part of the small protesting minority of attested married men.

Is it really necessary that, in order to secure presently the full measure of national service for men of fit body and age, yet another catch-phrase should be saddled and ridden to death? The catch-phrase in question is "Equal Sacrifice". It is high-stepping, very stylish-looking, and quite unsound. Equality of sacrifice is an absolute impossibility. The sacrifice made by men who enlist in the army and by men who go into munition factories and other national works varies, and, under any conceivable system made on earth, must always vary in an almost infinite degree. Brown and Jones may belong to the same class, and may be drawing the same salary from the same occupations; yet probably they do not, in enlisting or in being enlisted, make by any means an equal sacrifice. Brown may have a cross or a thrifless wife from whom he will not mind being separated for a while, at any rate; Jones may have a model and thrifthy wife whom he does not wish to leave. Therefore the sacrifices made by Brown and Jones are obviously unequal. Take Smith and Robinson. Smith is making a thousand a year in his business, thanks to his own character and ability; whereas Robinson has a post which brings him two hundred and fifty a year. They both enlist: where is the equality of sacrifice? Thousands of other analogous cases might be mentioned. Equality of sacrifice is, as we say, impossible in this connection. The best the country and the Government can do is to have a uniform all-round measure, as reasonably fair as can be secured.

The position at Kut remains very serious, but General Lake reports that the Tigris corps on Wednesday morning attacked and carried the enemy's entrenched line at Umm-el-Hannah, twenty miles north-east of Kut. The British, under General Gorringe, took five lines of trenches in the early morning, whereupon the enemy retired. Later in the day this success was followed by a further attack upon the Falahiya position, on which the Turks had retreated. This position in turn was carried. This new attempt to relieve General Townshend, who has been besieged at Kut for 122 days, will do all that can be done. Its operations go on satisfactorily. A Mesopotamian despatch, published on Thursday, describes General Gorringe's capture of Nasiriyeh, on the Euphrates, and General Townshend's brave advance up the Tigris towards Kut-el-Amara. It is old history dealing with events that happened last September. Intense heat accompanied the march, the temperature ranging from 110 to 116 degrees in the shade.

Russian troops continue to march in the direction of Baghdad, but are still about 100 miles north-east of this town, and about 200 miles from Kut. But they must bring relief to General Townshend by diverting the enemy's attention. From the main Russian lines there is no battle news to report, and for several weeks operations will be greatly hindered by melting snow and flooding rivers. General Ivanoff has retired from the Russian armies of the south, and his command

has passed to General Brusiloff, who has been his right hand in the southern command.

A week ago the French announced that they had retired from Malancourt, after causing the utmost possible loss to the enemy. Malancourt was held by an advanced-post battalion of French troops. The German attack culminated in a series of night assaults from three points, but they gained little from their partial success, as the retiring French commanded the exits from their ruined village. There has been fierce fighting also in and around the village of Vaux, and some of its early vicissitudes told against our Ally, but a change came on Sunday night, when the French gained some ground in the Bois de la Caillette. This wood grows on a mound south-east of Fort Douaumont, and, like the Chapitre Wood, it is all-important to the advanced positions in this French sector.

Next day, after a violent bombardment, the Germans at 3 o'clock delivered a very strong attack on the French first lines, situated about 300 yards to the south of Douaumont village. Wave after wave advanced, followed by small attacking columns, but they were mown down by the French fire. At last the enemy broke and retreated in disorder towards the Bois du Chauffour, upon which the French artillery poured shell after shell. Meantime to the north of the Bois de la Caillette the French troops continued to progress. Dull German persistence gains a minor point here and there, but the French note the fact calmly, and astonish the world by their magnificent valour and resource.

There have been five Zeppelin raids in a week, the first over the Eastern Counties and the North-East Coast, dropping many bombs, killing forty-three persons and injuring sixty-six. Lieutenant Brandon, R.F.C., at 9.45 p.m. (31 March), on rising to 6,000 feet, saw a Zeppelin about 3,000 feet above him. At 9,000 feet he got over it and dropped several bombs, three of which he believes took effect. At 10 p.m. he made another attack. His own machine was hit many times by machine-gun bullets.

The Zeppelin bombarded by Lieut. Brandon may have been the L 15, which was hit also by gun-fire while over the Eastern Counties, the shell striking the upper part of the ship near the tail. After being hit she quickly dropped to a lower altitude, and at last came down into the sea off the coast of Kent. A machine-gun, some ammunition, a petrol tank riddled with shrapnel, and some machinery were thrown overboard either by the L 15 or by another of the raiders. There seems to be no doubt that another was severely hit. An effort was made to tow the L 15 into harbour, but she broke up and sank. Her crew surrendered to our patrol vessels.

In their later raids the Germans have suffered no loss that is known. But they have learnt a thing or two from Lieut. Brandon and from the increasing vigilance of our defence. The best defence of all is a series of counter-raids, and Mr. Billing has volunteered to lead one if the authorities will let him. He believes he can suggest a way by which we can destroy many Zeppelins in a day. Both Mr. Tennant and Dr. Macnamara thanked Mr. Billing for his offer. The air question is by no means politically closed as yet. Lord Derby and Lord Montagu have offered to resign from the Joint Committee, and a new statement as to the promised judicial inquiry is to be made next week.

At 8 o'clock in the morning of 20 March the steamer "Portugal", a Franco-Russian hospital ship, was lying near Of, in Eastern Anatolia, when she was attacked by a German submarine. Two torpedoes were fired, the second striking the engine-room, and the vessel sank in less than a minute. Eleven Sisters of Charity were saved in boats and cutters that accom-

panied the "Portugal". Among the missing are fifteen Sisters of Charity, twenty-nine of the French crew, and fifty Russians and Red Cross officials.

The trouble on the Clyde came to an end for the time being early in the week. The Government did well to stand firmly to its guns—not, be it noted, the dummy guns of the Munitions Act, but the rather more dangerous and deadly guns of the Defence of the Realm Act. The return of the men to work after the removal of the strike ringleaders will serve as a lesson that strong actions are considerably more effective than smooth words. But a word of warning is necessary. The trouble will again break out upon the least sign of weakness or compromise with the gang who started it. To strike is now a legal offence and a vile offence against the nation; and the Government must act accordingly.

The official "Don't" and "Bad Form in Dress" posters, to which we drew marked attention lately, are now condemned officially. The Prime Minister in the House of Commons on Thursday washed his hands of them, together with others that "offend against the public taste". The point is, however, that they offend, not so much against public taste as against common sense. They are ridiculous, ineffective nonsense, and we are glad we drew attention to and condemned them. We hope they will be speedily plastered over by the official bill-sticker.

Captain Heinemann, who was killed on 7 March, was one of those men who *cannot* be kept from the war and from the post of danger. He is on the nation's roll of devoted fighters. Captain Heinemann—cousin, by the way, and intended partner of our friend, Mr. William Heinemann, the publisher—was three times rejected by the doctors for myopia, but he insisted, and in the end he got into the Army, and came by a hero's end near Ypres. Captain Heinemann had not time to do the great work for his country which his high spirit and ability fitted him for, yet he played his part after all: "The greatest gift a hero leaves his country is to have been a hero".

It seems invidious to single out one heroic deed from another in dealing with the hundreds of amazing acts of selfless devotion and bravery of which we hear from day to day concerning our soldiers and sailors. If we do single out this man or that it is as they would wish, as a tribute to their comrades as well as to themselves. Sub-Lieut. Arthur W. St. Clair Tisdall, V.C., was a young man of only twenty-five, who fell fighting at the Dardanelles. The story of his young life—he was a scholar and poet—reaches a climax on V. Beach in the Gallipoli peninsula, when, under a hail of fire, he put forth again and again to rescue wounded men from shore. His conduct may be compared with the wonderful bravery of Corporal Cotter, V.C., who continued to hold off the enemy, who crawled forward to engage them, after his leg had been blown off. These two men, killed in action, may well stand for the rest whose brief and marvellous stories we have just been privileged to read in the latest list of honours. They can be matched but not overpassed.

Mr. John Tweed's bust of Chamberlain was unveiled at the Abbey by Mr. Balfour on 31 March. We hope to deal ere long with this work—the work of a master in stone and bronze. The Abbey is too full of monuments, but the Abbey is enriched by this latest addition.

At an examination the other day at a military college, the translation of the following French sentence was required: "Voilà l'Anglais avec son sang-froid habituel". One of the candidates gave this reply: "Here comes the Englishman with his usual cold".

## LEADING ARTICLES.

## THE GOVERNMENT.

**L**ORD EBURY, in a letter to-day, asks by implication how we come to "support" a Government which has acted infirmly and inconsistently from the time it took office last year till the present time. Lord Ebury belongs to the gallant but, alas, diminishing school of "the stern and unbending Tories". He was one of those who stood out, if we remember rightly, till the end in 1911, when the last Government—led by Mr. Asquith and inspired by Mr. Lloyd George—forced through the Parliament Act and broke the House of Lords and the Constitution.\* He was of the faithful few who dared to be thorough and consistent, and such a challenger deserves a respectful attention. In one sense every person who is not an anarchist must support the Government in being. It is the elementary duty of the sane citizen: without this support of, or obedience to, the Government there could be no order, no security; and we might all go "on our own", like the villainous strikers on the Clyde or the Communists in Paris in 1871. Lord Ebury, as a firm believer in law and discipline, certainly would not reproach us for supporting the Government of the day in this sense. We take it, then, his meaning is that we believe in, and have believed in, the efficiency of the Government which came into power in May 1915—quite another proposition. We will go a little into this.

It is true that when Mr. Asquith, finding his Ministry tottering in May 1915, asked the Opposition Leaders to join him, we insisted the Opposition Leaders were right to do so. We still insist they were right. We go back on nothing. Suppose they had declined to come to the rescue, Mr. Asquith's Government might (1) have been patched up and started afresh or (2) it might have fallen to pieces. In the latter case, if replaced by the Conservatives, it would not have been improved in stability and driving force; for the Conservatives were in a hopeless minority in the House of Commons, and there is not the slightest ground for supposing that, had they gone then and there or soon afterwards to the country, they would have secured a good majority. True, the Conservatives might have been joined by a section of Liberals, and with them have formed a tolerable—or, at any rate, a working—Government, though we doubt it. If the Conservative Leaders had refused to come to the rescue and refused—as well they might—to come into office alone and exist there by Liberal and Radical sufferance, then Mr. Asquith would merely have recast his Ministry, and have tried again. The country would have had another year or two of Liberal or pure party government; and the country would, at the end of that year or so, have been in a substantially worse plight than it is in to-day.

There seems to have been a vague idea floating around that we had only to let the incompetents of

the last Government stew on for a few more months in their own juice, and the result would then have been the coming into power of a strong, glorious War Ministry. But it was only an idea, and it only floated. Actually, such a strong, glorious War Ministry was never even outlined. Likewise, a General Election was idealised; but we were never told in clear terms on what programme precisely we should go to the electors—and go to them on the pre-war register! In other words, no alternative Government to the Coalition formed in May 1915 was discovered by the idealists—the fact really is incontestable.

But, it may be asked, would it not have been far better to have stood aside and let Mr. Asquith patch up his precious Government afresh somehow; and then have waited and seen what might happen? How could such a patched-up Government have done worse than the present Coalition Government have done?

The reply is that, in all human probability—in all party probability—we should not in such a case have secured by now even the Military Service Act. That Act was ultimately secured largely by means of the Opposition element which joined Mr. Asquith in May 1915. Before the Opposition Leaders favouring National Service joined the Ministry, the Ministry and the great bulk of the Party behind it—indeed, we may say, the whole Party—was dead-set against the thing. It would not hear of it at all—leaders and rank and file alike were quite at one in the matter. This fact again is incontestable.

The Coalition, then, did eventually give us—as we expected in May 1915 it would—a measure of compulsory military service. A great deal of irresponsible talk has been indulged in of late about the Military Service Act. People who know nothing and have thought nothing about the question and people without judgment have been declaring that that Act has proved a complete fiasco, and that it is mere waste-paper. What shallow nonsense this is! The Act, as a matter of fact, is an exceedingly valuable one. It embodies the principle for which we were pressing so far back as October 1914, when the genuine voluntary movement died out, and when we saw clearly that the country was in for a very long and exceedingly severe war. The Act, if niggardly in practice, yields us the whole of the principle—namely, that a man of fit age and body is under a State obligation to defend and work for his country in its peril. This is the great guiding principle of the Military Service Act, and it is no use the sly Socialist haters of the Act trying to close their minds to the truth. The brazen No-Conscriptionists and the friends of Germany know better, as their pamphlets show; they recognise that the principle informs the whole Act, and accordingly they hate the Act most heartily.

The Act then, is, despite its shortcomings, invaluable, though it is being intrigued against, and though the practice of it has been temporarily damaged by treasonous persons. It will by-and-by be completed, and the whole question of the men be finally regularised. Meanwhile, let us be thankful that the Coalition has, at any rate, given us this one measure of value, where the last Government gave us nothing but entry into a huge war without preparation, and, later, the Dardanelles. It is the first measure to deal seriously with the problem of the men, and, as was pointed out again and again in the SATURDAY REVIEW long months ago, the problem of the men was one of the utmost importance. It was the master problem. Shells depended on it; all kinds of munitions of war

\* We would not raise party politics from the dead; as Mr. Bonar Law wittily said, the brains are out of it. But one may play for a moment with the reflection—How different it all might have been to-day if Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Lloyd George after Agadir in 1911, instead of bringing their great abilities to the task of batonning to death the Peers, and hamstringing the Constitution, had brought their abilities to bear on the task of preparing for the great land war against Germany! or how different even if, *after* batonning to death the Peers and hamstringing the Constitution in 1911, they had in the spring of 1912 begun to prepare directly Germany declined their proffered treaty and told them (*vide* the Prime Minister's speech of 2 October 1914 at Cardiff) bluntly that she meant to dominate Europe and expected Great Britain to stand aside!

depended on it. The discipline of the country depended on it. It affected our relations with our Allies. It affected the great question of money. Those in authority who, month after month, staved it off and denied it and wobbled over it have done the enemy, though unintentionally, a service, and they have cost Great Britain blood and treasure.

We recognised that the only practicable way to get the thing done was through a Coalition, and to that extent we believed in a Coalition; no other plan worth serious consideration was put forward last May or later. So far we plead guilty before Lord Ebury, if this is guilt. But if it is suggested that the SATURDAY REVIEW has in the past months glorified and held up to admiration the general attitude and policy of the Government of Twenty-Two or Twenty-Three—it is not easy to be sure of the number without consulting a reference-book—the suggestion is inaccurate. The pages of the REVIEW tell quite another story. The blunder of the Dardanelles—compared with which Kut is almost small—the policy of indecision and drift that led to the *impasse* to-day at Salonika, and has stricken down the gallant Serbian nation, as Sir Edward Carson has well reminded the nation; the failure of the Government to provide in time for the inevitable Zeppelin raids on London and other towns; the delay and timidity in regard to the tariff needs of the country and the Empire, on which Mr. Hughes has insisted; the ludicrous size of the Cabinet, which Sir Edward Carson has deplored; the absence of firm leadership which he has deplored; and, last but not least, the persistent refusal to cut off useless land valuation expenses and to economise all round in public Departments, including Education, which Lord St. Aldwyn and Lord Midleton have often censured: surely a reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW since early last summer, when the Coalition was formed, will not complain that we have adulated the powers that be in these matters!

The Government has been, is, and, we fear, will be distinctly not strong. The fact is not seriously disputed, even by its best friends, when they speak of it in private. It is not going to see the war and settlement through, and it is a question whether it will see the existing dispute and confusion over recruiting through. Indeed, certain of its powerful supporters are understood to take a somewhat grave view of the situation, and to believe that the agitation cannot be stopped, except by a bold and prompt stroke. Our system of government was shaken violently by the Parliament Act, and was discredited by the incidents that followed that Act. Unless the war goes better in the future than it promises, the system may come down altogether and be replaced by an edifice which the old school will hardly recognise—an edifice with more iron girder than lath and Parliamentary plaster about it.

#### A HAND-TO-MOUTH BUDGET.

**M**R. MCKENNA has taken infinite pains to flatter those obsolete pedants who prattle to Germany about "the blessings of Free Trade", and who accept even the self-blockade of prohibition rather than use with care and foresight the equity of an *ad valorem* tariff, accompanied by Colonial Preference and by reciprocal friendliness with our Allies. No fresh duty has been levied on imports of luxuries or of manufactures; and already the *im*-policy of prohibition, which leaves the revenue unaided, while striking unfairly at a business here and there, has spread a good deal farther than the public realises. For the nation's self-blockade has put on

its list of contraband, furniture and furniture woods, stones and slates, motor-cars and motor-cycles, cutlery, hardware, oilcloth, baskets, musical instruments, gramophones, pottery, soap, woollens and worsteds, tobacco, paper and cardboard, fruit, and several other things, such as toys and cement. Is it surprising that neither neutrals nor our Allies like the guillotine of prohibition? In the case of fruit, as Mr. Hewins has pointed out, nothing could have been more absurd than the procedure of the Government, "and extremely controversial and dangerous points have been raised with other nations".

The odd thing is that free importers find something ideal in a tightening self-blockade of the British Isles. Clinging to the wreckage of Cobdenism, and led by Mr. Runciman and his shipping followers, they imagine that to cut off sea-borne trade in many commodities is to give a new lease of life to the doctrine of Free Trade, though prohibition is nothing more than a very extreme tariff that collects no money at all for the Exchequer. And another point forgotten in the Budget is the need of complete economic unity among the Entente Allies. The policy of the Chancellor is far off from the economic conference which, in a few weeks, will test the good sense of five Governments, apart from those of the British Dominions. What Mr. Hewins calls with truth a policy of insular negation is not only out of place in the Budget, it is a declaration to the Allied Powers that Britain does not mean to be reasonable at the conference.

Yet most persons in their attitude to the Budget are like children at a great display of fireworks: they seem to be dazed with fascination as they watch the aviating finance; the colossal and soaring figures. Only a writer here and there asks them to note that the whole question of a tariff has been shirked, and tells them that such vast expenditure, though necessary, is not a matter for bewildered pride, seeing that it comes from many past years of stupid negligence. War would not have been inevitable if Britain's Army had been in keeping with her policy, with her resources, and with the greatness of her Empire. To blink this fact while studying the new Budget is to be unjust to those who have suffered most from the war—our soldiers, our sailors, and their families. It is always those who fight, not those who pay for the fighting, that bear the most terrible penalties imposed by long neglect in matters of adequate defence. Lord Roberts's proposals would have cost at the maximum from ten to thirteen millions a year. The war is costing about three millions a day, or 1,165 millions a year. Add to this huge sum 210 millions for the usual national expenses, and 450 millions to be invested in loans to our Allies and Dominions. Here is a total of 1,825 millions—the estimated expenditure in the new financial year. It is unimaginable to ordinary minds, but vastness of every sort has an attraction of its own, and hence the financial megalomania by which a great many persons are possessed. There are speakers and writers who seem to think that the Budget is a great triumph; we prefer to look upon its figures as the necessary price which the nation has to pay in money for old errors of judgment. Everyone is eager to pay the price gladly; there is no opposition anywhere to the necessary cost of the war. All fault-finding centres around points of principle and matters of detail in the raising of money.

Mr. McKenna and his advisers, having to meet a gross expenditure of 1,825 millions, intend to collect 502 millions out of revenue; and nearly 65 millions will be got from new taxation. The sum to be taken out of revenue may not be too large. It will put a backbone into the talk about thrift and economy; and at the same time it will enforce the principle that the future should inherit no debt that the present can pay with reasonable self-control. Mr. McKenna says of his imperfect finance that it is effective. If the Entente Allies win the war in a year's time, he affirms, the Exchequer will be able to remit 85 millions of taxation after providing war pensions and after meeting all war loan interests and sinking fund charges. So the

financial position has not yet been overstrained by bungling; it gives no encouragement to those enemies of national service who for a year have begged the people not to invite a financial breakdown by trying to maintain a larger army.

There seems to be no doubt that Mr. McKenna will raise by his taxation the 502 millions that the country needs, and will raise by loan during the year 1,323 millions. One or two of his new taxes are sure to be dropped, and the others are local rather than Imperial in their value. It seems to us that the theatre tax should be approved, like the tax on admission tickets for football matches, horse races, and cinema houses. Those who earn their bread by acting—and we think here of the women and of the men over forty-one—ought not to be hurt by a small duty on amusements, which adds only twopence to the pit and gallery tickets, and a shilling to the half-a-guinea stalls. If theatre-goers decline to pay this contribution to the war Mr. McKenna will have good reason to blame the plays. We are exceedingly glad that the picture theatres will contribute their just share to the common need. Most of them speculate in trash and pander to a craze for silly extravagance. They would not have multiplied with such an amazing rapidity had they been of educational value. Yet sentimentalists say: "Let us remember the children. In poorer districts the tax will add a halfpenny to a penny ticket". The current notion that children must be pampered, even in sight-seeing that does them more harm than good, is un-English, and it frees from the restraint of public opinion a great many careless and thrifless parents. Besides, at a time when about 27 millions a year are spent out of rates and taxes on board schools, free trade in penny shows is at standing odds with the aims of compulsory education. We feel sure that few magistrates will dissent from this view. After the war picture theatres ought to be considered by Parliament. In the meantime they should be fairly taxed.

Fourpence per thousand on household matches is another tax that ought to do good, and we welcome the taxes on cider, perry, and table waters. They have been spared much too long, like political cocoas, the tax on which has now been raised from 1½d. to 6d. a pound. Motor-cars and motor-cycles are privileged to contribute more, and the duty on excess profits has been raised from 50 to 60 per cent. As for the income tax, an income of £100,000 a year, like that of Mr. Charlie Chaplin, will pay £41,529. Every income over £130 will be in the war. One of £250, entirely earned, will pay £14 12s. 6d.; entirely unearned, £19 10s. Here is compulsive thrift; and it is doubtful whether income taxation can be carried further without doing harm to the great majority of homes. Mr. McKenna seems to have come to this opinion, for he is doing all in his power to make the payment of the tax as easy as possible. Thus taxpayers on the quarterly instalment plan can pay weekly by means of stamped income cards. The income tax stamps will be on sale at all post offices, and a taxpayer can get a quarterly card by applying to the local collector. At the end of the quarter he will give his stamped card to the collector in exchange for a new one and begin afresh.

There are good points in the Budget, but the thing as a whole is neutral and disheartening. It is praised only by those who have learnt nothing from German crimes and nothing from Germany's trade methods.

#### RELIEF FOR THE FIGHTING MEN.

**W**HAT precisely the Government intends to do for the pecuniary relief of men summoned to the Colours is, as we shall see, fairly clear in principle and outline, though it is by no means clear in detail or method. The measures proposed for what is rather inaccurately described as relief for the married men will be difficult and costly; but the nation is with the Government in its decision to see the matter through. It is the duty of those who remain in civil employ-

ment to do all in their power to lessen the hardship of the men who have joined the Colours. The men who are especially concerned in the proposals sketched in the House of Commons last week by Mr. Walter Long are men with heavy family or business responsibilities, whose natural hesitation at the prospect of leaving their affairs in ruin or confusion was overcome at last by a real sense of the country's need. Once attested, the great majority of these men—all, indeed, except a noisy and small minority—have never once looked back. They are perfectly willing to go. They look with great distaste upon the manœuvres of those who are using the less responsible and clear-minded of their fellows in a disloyal agitation against the interests of the Army. They are bitterly indignant with those few in the same position as themselves who are suggesting that the attested married men are, as a class, unwilling to go, eager to exact the last ounce of significance out of the "pledge", and even casting a doubt upon the good faith of Lord Derby. They realise that the single men so loudly called for will ultimately be dug out of their civilian employment, and that meantime the Army is needing soldiers. They are ready to go without haggling for an extra month. They have come to terms with their duty, and are averse from an agitation which casts a general suspicion on their good faith. These patriotic men must be supported and helped as far as possible by the Government in the relief of their obligations. The public is resolute on the point; for the public is not deceived by the dust raised by deputations and suggestions that the attested married men shall be released altogether or put upon military half-time. The intelligent public knows that the attested married men are responsible and cautious persons, who attested to serve when required with their eyes wide open to the consequences, and it knows also, despite the outcry of the minority, that they are willing to abide by a contract soberly approved and signed. It will see that these men are treated rightly and generously—also, of course, that they shall not be unduly favoured as compared with groups recruited by earlier ways and means.

But what, exactly, is it proposed to do? One or two things are clear enough. The measures, whatever their purport, must relieve all soldiers alike. They must be retrospective and general. Enough harm has already been done by setting the men of our armies in separate classes. The hideous hubbub of attested v. unattested, married v. single, has made fairly clear what should have been obvious from the first—that it is disastrous folly to deal with any question which relates to national service capriciously. We have had enough of *privatum seriatim*. Besides, we cannot possibly favour the men who joined last, patriotic though they undoubtedly are, more than the men who joined before the group system was planned, or before the purely voluntary method had been replaced by the feline pressure of advertisement and disagreeable suggestion. Our soldiers will have to be treated in this matter like the labourers in the vineyard. The State can take no account as to whether they have come early or late to their work.

The next agreed point as to these measures is that the Treasury will have to pay. A mere moratorium will not do. It would bring back our soldiers to face a serious mortgage upon their future—just when they wanted to make a fresh start. The other method of simply wiping out the obligations of men with the Colours is even more impossible. It would be totally against our tradition—a blow from which our sense of contract and property would not easily recover. The only practicable way is for the Government itself to discharge these liabilities outright.

It is further agreed as to what sort of liabilities these measures should apply. Rent comes first; but insurance premiums are hardly less important. Mortgage interest and payments to building societies are only another form of rent; and these will have to be considered. Finally, there are rates and the cost of education.

But how is this relief to be distributed? It is proposed to put at the head of its administration the existing Statutory Pensions Committee, of which the Prince of Wales is Chairman. The organisation will have to be most carefully thought out and spread in local committees all-over the country.

Perhaps the most important question to be faced is the question, not yet raised, as to the discretion allowed to local bodies or to the supreme body in the granting of this relief. Mr. Long seems to have in mind that recruits will apply for relief. The question is, Will this relief be generally accorded, or will it be necessary for the applicant to plead poverty and to prove that he has actually no resources, in income or savings, to meet his liabilities? Will it be assumed that applicants have a *prima facie* right to be relieved, or will they be expected to make out a case of very exceptional hardship? This will prove, from the soldier's point of view, the crux of the whole matter; and the Government will have to be particularly careful to avoid all suggestion of charity or pauperism in their scheme. Small men who have always paid their way are particularly sensitive on this point.

The three specific measures described by Mr. Walter Long are (1) Relief through the Pensions Committee (already touched upon); (2) an amending of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, to make it apply to contracts entered into since war broke out; (3) liberty, given on the authority of a County Court judge, to break a lease. This last proposal is not, it seems, to be carried far. It is not, apparently, to apply to a business lease, and only to other leases where another tenant can be found. The second proposal concerning contracts is intended to give relief to business men with debts.

The whole question, so far as it has been publicly discussed, is yet in embryo. We have looked carefully through all the Government utterances on this subject, but can find no evidence that the sums involved, the attitude to applicants, the discretion left with the relieving authorities, have been at all exactly considered. There are no figures to be found, no estimate as to the number of men who will apply, or the degree of hardship which will qualify them for relief. We can well see that discrimination—if the Government decides to discriminate—will be extremely difficult. Hardship is not a scientific term. It is a matter of opinion and degree. Obviously it will be very necessary to issue the most exact instructions to relieving bodies. The only principle of relief we can suggest is more a matter of temper than of hard administration. Care must be taken to avoid giving the relieving bodies any resemblance to a Relieving Officer. It will be better to make the gate too wide than to make it so narrow that the best men will shrink from applying. There is here no question of charity, and this must be fully understood from the first. There must be no colour of charity, no suggestion of doles, in the administration of this relief. The men have honourable right to be assisted by the people at home. It will be a public duty to relieve them generously and freely, without suspicious looks or a grudging hand. Even so, we shall remain their debtors. We are not removing their hardships, only softening them a little. That they have made no bargain with us to relieve them, but left the matter in the hands of their countrymen, only commits us the more to seeing this matter through in a right and generous spirit. We shall thereby be paying rather our own debts than the debts of the men who are serving with the Colours. They are not our mendicants: they are our creditors, and the utmost we can do for them is but a poor composition of a few shillings in the pound.

#### AUSTRALIA'S CHANCE TO-DAY.

**A**N interesting account has been printed in several newspapers during the last fortnight of the experiences of an Englishwoman who has lately returned from Germany. We believe that her story, if it does

not search very deeply into the condition of things in Germany, is, so far as it goes, true enough. Life in Berlin is not extraordinarily disordered, and is by no means at a very low ebb to-day. There is food enough—though it is very dear—there are plenty of serviceable men left, and there is no more sign of revolution or revolt than here in London at the present time. It is easy to accept these statements: at least, we find it easy, for we have never believed in the thousand and one cock and bull stories spread as to starving Berlin—it was represented either as "starving" or very "hungry", if we recollect aright, just about this time last year or a little earlier—and as to the shooting down of protesting and butterless Socialists. Nor have we been able to take gravely the popular story of the wrenching off of door-handles and the sacrifice of teakettles and saucepans on the altar of Krupps; nor the diet of swallows and seagulls; nor wooden-legged German soldiers in the trenches. These stories are invented to some degree possibly by rather too artful neutrals in order to persuade us that the blockade is extremely effective, but probably in a larger degree by idlers for the consumption of greenhorns. There is not, and never has been, anything in them. Germany is doubtless faced by great difficulties and by internal hardships; and she has received at Verdun a tremendous hard blow in the forehead. There is no doubt about that, and it is a fact rejoiced in exceedingly by every friend of the Allies and of civilisation. The hammering of the Germans at Verdun is the most gratifying thing that has happened since von Kluck turned and ran, at the Marne and the Aisne. There is not the least reason to doubt that by and by the great, boastful, brutal giant will be fairly turned and struck in the heel, which will prove a more vulnerable spot even than where France has struck him between the eyes. It will come all right: meanwhile people should not be tickled by silly stories about the dearth of copper or custard powder in Germany, or be more buoyed up by butter-ticket chaff than German people are likely to be by the ridiculous "Don't" and "Bad Form in Dress" posters plastered on London pillars and posts to-day.

But there is another statement in the account of life in Berlin alluded to above which is worth noting: it is to the effect that the hate of England cult there to-day is less vixenish than it was some months ago, and that Gott strafe America is now even more pronounced than was Gott strafe England. It is quite possible; for it is no secret that America has driven a brisk business with the Allies in certain commodities which are indispensable in carrying on the war against Germany: which is one of the excellent reasons why sensible and informed people here have deprecated the nudging or prodding of America and of President Wilson and the constant inviting of her on moral grounds to do this and do that. America must do her "bit" in her own way: and in return she will, we hope, suffer the Allies, especially on sea, to do their's in their own way.

As to this alleged strafing of Americans by Germany to-day, it is not our affair. Our affair is the strafing of Germany, the strafing of Germany not only from a military standpoint, but also commercially, financially, and socially. We have to strike her down, and get and keep her under, not in Europe alone, but here at home in England. Mr. Hughes, the Australian Prime Minister, is a man after our own heart. He has a clear vision and an abundance of common sense; and he sees that we must really conquer Germany if the British Empire and race are to be at all secure in the future. Strange to say, this fact has by no means yet been grasped by a large number of tepid dislikers and half-fighters in England to-day. These people and their three or four newspapers in London are always ready, it is true, to talk of Huns and Pirates; to draw America's attention to submarine irregularities; to deprecate "Conscription" as being alarmingly in the nature of Germany's own military system; and to suggest that it may be expedient even to keep down Germany's trade after the war by certain cautious

prohibitions. But it ends at this. When it comes to drastic plans of extirpating the German influence in our own country—even to burning out the German cancer with hot tongs, as the Russian publicist has expressed it—they always shy away, beg for composure, and moderation; and up comes once more, now from one half-fighting quarter, now from another, a murmur about there being after all a good Germany as well as a bad Germany, or about our having after the war to live in the same world as the Germans. Just at present these half-fighters are crying a halt in regard to the approaching Economic Conference in Paris: Germany is bad, no doubt; but how much worse might not an Imperial tariff be! How dreadful to make the war an excuse for establishing anything in the nature of Protection! And so on.

We had hoped Mr. Hughes, as soon as he was well again and able to take the field, would force a strong, aggressive line against this timid and trumpery school of reaction and half-Germanism. He could feel quite confident that that timid school stands for only a dwindling minority in Great Britain, and that the way to national unity is by a bold and drastic line in commercial and Imperial policy. Great Britain is ready to go quite as far as Australia in this matter, but Australia must not be over-modest and must not wait for the initiative from this side. Let Mr. Hughes or Sir George Reid, or any other Australian of powerful character and intelligence put some clear-cut proposals before the Mother Country—and let them be nothing if not audacious. He would have the ball at his feet if he chose to kick it. There is only one way in which he could fail with the British people, and that would be by holding back, or deferring to our factious home-bred half-fighters. An Australian statesman has a far better chance of consolidating the Empire than Mr. Chamberlain had at his zenith; for he has a chance in practical politics to-day; and, besides, this country feels deep in the debt of Australia, after what she has done and is doing in the war.

## THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 88) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.  
AFTER TWENTY MONTHS OF WAR.

**G**REAT men, no doubt, may commit faults—even crimes—with impunity, for the lustre of their achievements throws a shadow on their errors. In such men it is recognised that all is usually on a colossal scale—deeds and misdeeds. As they are capable of gigantic successes, they are also capable of stupendous blunders". The great and supreme test of war finds out the true value of the individual as it equally tests the real fibre of a nation. Many idols have fallen in the past twenty months; Germany, ever cognisant of the importance of the hall mark of thoroughness, has not hesitated to sweep away without ceremony such individual material as was wanting in capacity to carry out fully the apportioned duty in the enterprise to which she committed herself. Early in the contest she was quick to discover that a better man could be found to direct her Army War Staff than the individual upon whom she had relied for many past years. Now, after twenty months of apparent success, she discovers that her Grand Admiral has been a disappointment. Austria-Hungary has been called upon to shed statesmen and military leaders in abundance. Unable to find an individual with sufficient brain-power and drive to direct her military destinies, she has placed her fortunes unreservedly in the hands of her ally, and her future lies in the lap of the Kaiser. Russia has swept her Augean stable, the inheritance of generations of corruptions. She has thought fit to go so far as even to displace the Commander-in-Chief of her armies; she has disengaged herself of her heads of military and munition departments and the chiefs of administration in countless offices. France, recognising that for

victory nothing but the very best suffices, has re-organised finance and the management of public affairs beyond all recognition. She puts her best men into harness, and has parted with indifferent military chiefs. She has perforce to find a place for every individual, and see that each is in that place. Not for one moment has she hesitated to get rid of misfits in leadership in matters financial, economic, administrative, Governmental, or military. Great Britain alone, soaked in apathy or ignorance, has thought fit to continue leaving the conduct of her affairs in the hands of those originally responsible for her grossly criminal unpreparedness. In spite of repeated and consistent failure, not only in method of directing and administrating war, but in adumbrating a means of sustaining it, we see the same machinery at work, with the same Fabian spirit pervading the mind of the driver whose hand is upon the throttle. This native cocksureness of ours, upon which we have so often been foolish enough to rely for victory, may bring its entanglements with friends as well as with foes. War knocks all vanity out of nations as well as out of men. Tolstoy castigates impartially such national conceit. "It is only a German's conceit that is based on an abstract idea—science—that is, the supposed possession of absolute truth. The Frenchman is conceited in supposing himself mentally and physically to be inordinately fascinating both to man and woman. An Englishman is conceited on the ground of being a citizen of the best constituted State in the world, and also because he, as an Englishman, always knows what is the correct thing to do, and knows that everything he, as an Englishman, does do is indisputably the correct thing. An Italian is conceited owing to being excitable and easily forgetting himself and other people. A Russian is conceited precisely because he knows nothing, and cares to know nothing, since he does not believe it possible to know anything fully. A conceited German is the worst of them all, and the most hardened of all, and the most repulsive of all, for he imagines that he possesses the truth in a science of his own invention, which is to him absolute truth".

It is when our British representatives are brought face to face with those of our Allies in war council that one trembles at the thought of the sorry brief for victory that must accompany them. Judged by the results of past efforts, where we have had a free hand, a tone of feebleness marks the conduct of our strategy, and such is hardly a passport that inspires confidence in deliberations over vital questions affecting the future manner of prosecuting a gigantic struggle to a favourable termination. The best brains of our Allies, the product of the sifting out of the incapables, will meet in council the unfortunates who have retained in Great Britain the higher direction of war since the days of August 1914. What a string of misfortune has dogged their steps! The fiasco of Antwerp; the neglect, almost wilful, to organise munition supply; the fear of adopting National Service; the terror of enforcing laws of their own making, by which, for a whole year, the Clyde strikers have been masters of offensive military operations; the Dardanelles and its ignominious result; Mesopotamia and its painful disclosures; Salonika and its lock-up of a large army! What evidence is there disclosed of the existence of a trained mind competent to give sound advice on strategical matters, or of an intellect that gauged the immensity of the problem that has to be solved?

The authors of such travesties on Military Art and of a Government for War have no place in a Council Chamber alongside of chosen experts. Criticism by the fighting services is necessarily mute, but they cannot be insensible to the fact that the first duty owed by a Cabinet is to its own troops. Means that are ineffectual in assuring a supply of men and munitions from a reservoir sufficiently large to sustain continuous war are but dangerous makeshifts. They result in undue strain being put upon combatants, and provoke a gamble for victory. What better illustration than the Dardanelles?

In the late Conference of the Allies we may

hope that to each was allotted a task for the future. It would be safe to assume that the main discussion was on the subject of reaching a decision in the coming spring or summer season: that when Germany had expended her efforts in the offensive the counterblow was to be delivered, and with a force that should promise a "knock out". Verdun has taught the Allies what such an effort requires in multitudes of men, in weapons of all natures, and of shells in their million. It would be folly to attempt vast blows with an insufficient accumulation of overpowering numbers. It will be a battle of giants fought both in the east and west, on fronts infinitely broader than that at Verdun or in Champagne. Wherever be the fields of contest, there must be no disquiet as to the result. The wedges of steel that are destined to break the iron girdle by sheer weight and toughness must be of equal alloy wherever they are directed to make the thrust, for to fail in effort in one point may bring collapse of the entire design. Where battles seem foreordained to be matters of weeks or months you cannot be too strong, and yet in our apathy for weeks and months we allow thousands of men of magnificent material that would put the issue beyond a doubt to lie absolutely fallow.

The holding of the Conference by the Allied Chiefs signifies much to Germany. She will learn from it that twenty months of war have not sufficed to extinguish or affect the spirit of unanimity which pervades the Councils of the Entente in their resolve to contest the doctrine that "might gives right". Germany has been out in the reckoning, bequeathed by military history, that coalitions in warfare make for weakness of intention; that combinations among Allied armies tend to lead to disjointed action and to the subservience of concentrated effort to that of individual national interest. The case for the declaration of war by Germany was so extreme in its lawlessness that it finds its enemies more than ever united, more resolved in purpose, stronger in forces, and more determined for victory than at the commencement of the struggle.

It would be futile to ignore the immensity of the task before the Allies in the two main theatres of war. Germany in both spheres stands in a very strong position, well in advance of her frontiers, with a network of railways she knows full well how to employ to advantage, and with supplementary lines completing all that is requisite for direct and lateral communication. We may be certain that her administrative departments have guaranteed that her fighting fronts will not lack power owing to inability to sustain a prolonged combat. The western iron girdle that she established after the bloody struggles of October-November 1914, beyond the frontiers of Belgium and France, still remains in the month of April 1916 practically on the same site. Not so, however, on the eastern theatre. The immensity of the victories of Germany in Poland, Courland and Silesia have imposed a greater strain upon her resources. We have a right to question whether, after the sacrifices which must have been made to secure these conquests in the East, and the recent appallingly costly slaughter in the West, which have led so far to insignificant results, Germany will find her resources equal to a similar design of campaign in the coming spring as in that of last year. As Germany weakens, the Allies gain strength. The more distance Germany puts between her fighting fronts east and west, the greater will be her difficulties in transferring those splendid formations that she has employed alternately in either theatre as required. The growing strength of the Allies will now forbid these seesaw strokes that delighted the military student of war and astonished the lay world by their bold initiative and lightning rapidity. After twenty months of contest the season is approaching for the reversal of the sand-glass. The unpreparedness of the Allies, and the failure of Great Britain to read the true interpretation of war, has enabled Germany to play with her enemies. She has enjoyed many triumphs, but she cannot but confess to disappointment, for she is as far off from victory as she was in November 1914. When the hour comes for discerning the ebb of the tide of German

offensive, will there arise among the Allies a leader who is man enough to dictate to one and all where and when to strike? A directing mind to time the strokes east and west and south in that harmony which, to the enemy, means discord, which will confuse his plans, upset his time tables, take advantage when his armies are in transit, rushing across the plains of the Fatherland in search of bogeys? There is scope for the greatest genius in war that the world has yet seen in the enterprise that is before us. To leave a loophole for failure at such a moment is to risk the success of the whole enterprise. A weakness or inability to carry through the task apportioned to any single one of the Allies might bring confusion worse confounded, for Germany will fight to the death for the assets for peace which she already holds.

At this critical hour in the destinies of the world we find Great Britain still undecided in purpose, still "examining figures". After a twenty months' bitter experience of misfortune, and nothing to show for our immense sacrifice, we ask ourselves every day the same question: How long is the war going to last? The answer is a simple one. We must follow the example set by our Allies. It will last just as long as we are apathetic enough to leave its direction in the hands of those who have proved themselves masters of the art of misdirection.

## SPECIAL ARTICLE.

SIR JOHN GORST.

By ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

SIR JOHN GORST'S career illustrates instructively the fate of a politician who cannot make himself a good party man. What measure of social or domestic happiness Sir John Gorst enjoyed I do not know, nor is it relevant. But for a man of first-rate mental calibre, his public life was an indisputable failure. Rebellion against the bonds of party was the chief, though not the only, cause of his want of success. He never obtained complete control of his temper: he was inflexible to a point which some call obstinacy, and others tenacity; and (like many other men) he never managed to combine his interest at the Bar with his interest in the House of Commons. Instead of making the politician help the lawyer, and thus pursuing his advancement along parallel lines, he contrived to set the one against the other, and thus, vulgarly speaking, he fell between two stools. Having emerged from the mathematical tripos as Third Wrangler, Gorst sailed for New Zealand, falling in love, like Warren Hastings, on the voyage, though not, like the pro-consul, with another man's wife. In the Antipodes he seems to have dabbled in missionary work and journalism, returning to England in his thirtieth year, and being called to the Bar. A year after his call he got himself elected for the town of Cambridge, a most imprudent step from a professional point of view. Two years later, in 1868, he lost his seat, and at Disraeli's request he gave himself to the work of organising the Tory party in the constituencies. In 1874 he certainly proved himself an organiser of victory, for he gave Disraeli the first and last majority in his life. And here Gorst's want of worldly wisdom, or incapacity for self-advancement, first showed itself. In his hour of triumph Disraeli could have denied his chief of the staff nothing. Gorst asked for nothing, not even a safe and comfortable seat. He stood at a bye-election in 1875 for Chatham, at that time a troublesome, expensive and uncertain constituency. Perhaps embittered by the lack of reward, which is never got in politics except for the asking, Gorst developed into the guerilla chief who became so famous in the Gladstonian Parliament of 1880. It was well known that Gladstone was more irritated by "the hon. and learned Member for Chatham" than by any other of his many opponents, which is intelligible enough; for Gorst's speeches were not relieved by wit or eloquence, or humour, in which he was

strangely deficient: they were cold, logical, exhaustive (and exhausting) statements of a case. The Fourth Party was as torn by domestic dissension as all political combinations. The late Mr. Staveley Hill told me that he once invited the Fourth Party to a dinner party. "Arthur" could not or would not come, the fear of Uncle Salisbury being ever at the back of his head. The first of the remaining trio to arrive was Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, his natural suavity overcast by the scared and hunted look which he wore in those days. In his silkiest tones he said to his host, "If Gorst and Randolph are coming, don't put me near them, as our relations are rather strained". Next arrived Sir John Gorst, who, fixing Drummond Wolff with his eye-glass, said in his cold and caustic tone, "My dear Hill, keep me away from Wolff, as we are not on speaking terms". Last arrived Lord Randolph Churchill, who rolled his prominent eyes round the room, and clutching his host's arm whispered fiercely, "I see you've got those damned fellows Wolff and Gorst. For God's sake put me at the other end of the table, as I hate the very sight of 'em". Staveley Hill, of course, laughed, and told them to sit where they liked, as it was a man's dinner.

In the summer of 1885 the Fourth Party was dissolved in office, Randolph Churchill becoming Secretary of State for India, and Gorst being made Solicitor-General, a post which was worth ten or twelve thousand a year. As Gorst was a poor man with a large family, it might have been supposed that he was satisfied. On the contrary, he was, if not openly indignant, certainly fretful at being excluded from the Cabinet. Lord Salisbury's first Government was turned out six months later, in February 1886, by Gladstone and the Parnellites. The first Home Rule Bill was rejected by the House of Commons in June 1886, and the general election gave Lord Salisbury a majority. When forming his second Ministry Lord Salisbury offered Sir John Gorst the Solicitor-Generalship on the understanding that he would take the first puisne judgeship that fell vacant. Most political lawyers would say that this offer was generous payment for services to the party. But Gorst refused it with asperity, and was finally appointed Under-Secretary for India with a salary of £1,500! These are the facts, but I cannot say whether Gorst's refusal was due to perversity, or to a consciousness that he was unfitted for high legal office. He had never had any practice at the Bar: as he went into the House of Commons a year after being called, it was impossible for him to get business as a junior. The story was current at the Bar in 1885, though I cannot vouch for its truth, that one of the judges in the Court of Appeal exclaimed, "Mr. Solicitor, you are ignorant of the A.B.C. of your business". This could not have been pleasant to the proud and fiery temper of Gorst, the less so because he must have known it to be true. But though he was not what is called a tradesman-lawyer, Gorst would probably have made a good judge: certainly some of his contemporaries who were promoted to the bench knew quite as little law as he.

It was as Under-Secretary for India that I first came into contact with Sir John Gorst in the Parliament of 1886, and the occasion was interesting, as illustrating the extraordinary change of public opinion on a certain subject. The Cantonment Acts, i.e., the C.D. Acts for India, required the sanction of Parliament, and Mr. Walter McLaren had put down a motion to repeal, or not to continue, the regulations for venereal disease. I asked Gorst in the lobby what the Government were going to do, and he told me (very crossly) that they dared not oppose McLaren's motion! I asked whether if I, as a private member, opposed McLaren, and moved the continuance of the Acts, he would lend me the Government whips, and he very earnestly and kindly begged me not to injure my prospects by appearing as the champion of vice. Thus was the health of our troops in India sacrificed to Tory hypocrisy: and I

have lived to read the report of the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases! Gorst afterwards became Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and then Vice-President of the Education Committee. He was always in hot water, and always quarrelling with his chiefs. He was offered the post of High Commissioner of South Africa, and refused it, because he would not abandon his ambition of entering the Cabinet. Gorst cordially disliked Chamberlain and distrusted his methods. As Chamberlain was rapidly dominating the Tory party, Gorst threw up his office in 1902, and opposed the Protectionist propaganda. Of course, he lost his seat at Cambridge University in 1906, and then his genuine, if somewhat morbid, sympathy with the suffering of poverty, the fruit of his deep religious feelings, expressed itself in political socialism. He stood as a Radical in 1910 for his native town of Preston, and was beaten. His brother dying shortly afterwards, he succeeded to his estate, and ended his life as a Wiltshire squire. Sir John Gorst was a brave, conscientious, public-spirited man, with a first-class brain; but his disposition was froward, and was the main obstacle to his worldly success.

## MIDDLE ARTICLES.

### THE RED CROSS SALE.

Christie's, 6 April 1916.

COULD there be a scene socially more significant than the scene these last three days at Christie's? Here we have had enacted, morally in "the old Roman fashion" though materially upon a vaster scale and in ways more intricate, an ancient ceremony for a people enthusiastic to meet great needs. The nation has thrown its jewels into the coffer. Jewels, indeed, are here—not alone of the goldsmith, but of art, letters, history and *vertu*. To Christie's have been brought the numberless personal treasures of people who prize what is rare and beautiful. First editions, priceless to the happy owners who collected them; pictures and china; precious MSS.; silver and embroidery—all the things in which personal taste is announced and kept alive have fallen and will continue for days and days to fall under the promiscuous hammer. Scarcely one of these treasures seen here as mere "lots" in a catalogue but must have its flesh-and-blood story. This was a personal triumph of the acquirer; this was an heirloom; this was precious for its contact with great events or persons especially thrilling to their owners. Each of them had a place in the house and heart of its donor—a thing which kept materialism at bay—brought with it a touch of grace or distinction. No one is so completely of the faith of Diogenes that he has not somewhere or sometime felt the pride of noble possessions—noble not by reason of their price and pomp, but by reason of their associations, the current they establish with things outside the common prose of existence. The instinct of the reliquary takes many forms; but it is, invariably, strong in all men and at all times. Diogenes, if the truth were known, had a thing or two in his tub which belonged to his great grandmother. But here we are not dealing with surly and unwilling owners who have possessions thrust upon them, but with eager and sensitive collectors who have refined upon the old instinct. These collectors, giving up a treasure to the Red Cross, are parting with something whose value is not in coin. They are cutting a living sentiment out of their lives—something to which they have surrendered a part of themselves. "Ah! did you once see Shelley plain?" No; but here is a first edition of lyrics by Tennyson, inscribed, thumbed, and repaired by Robert and Elizabeth Browning. A man does not lightly surrender that.

We watch here a wholesale destruction of personal riches, for many of these things can scarcely be to the buyer all that they have been to the seller. They lose value by changing hands, because they cannot

carry with them to their new possessors the private delight and pride of their former owners. They will have to begin again to collect their old aroma, to put on fresh associations, and grow into the new mind and heart of their new possessors. Meantime we behold them naked to the saleroom, described in cold and accurate terms which have no sentiment about them, fingered without affection. There is a sheer destruction going on of the finer values, and we regard it much as Thais regarded the holocaust of her treasures imposed on her by Paphnutius. Like Thais we would save the little Cupid at least; but no: the sacrifice goes on, and we have at last to admit that there is something here which is deeper and more compelling than fine sentiment and impeccable taste—an impulse to make a real sacrifice, a sacrifice which costs a more hesitant and personal pang than the mere writing of a cheque for charity, an enthusiastic wish to mortify a little the aesthetic flesh and proclaim in a symbolic and striking fashion that in a time of national need fine possessions are no longer the eye of the needle. It would have been far easier for those who have brought their treasures to Christie's to write a subscription for the amount likely to be obtained for them. But that would have missed the whole point of the enterprise. It is precisely the regret and difficulty of surrender which has attracted people and made this sale so astonishingly successful. Its great appeal lies in this very fact of its being an appeal to give up something precious. Had it been an appeal to send subscriptions it would not have met with anything like the response. It has made its effect because it has demanded of its supporters that they should surrender the apple of their eye.

From this angle the scene at Christie's, superficially so business-like and, a little less superficially, so melancholy, becomes a heartening and a bracing celebration. The need to be generous, to do something, to declare one's enthusiasm is here finding a daily physical representation. Here is a drama of our national dedication—for each of these precious objects which pass from hand to hand, and fall so rapidly to the highest bidder, stands for a private and personal gesture of real sacrifice. Someone has felt the need really to deny himself, and the feeling has been strong enough to get into this sale-room perhaps the thing he has prized for almost a lifetime. One half wishes that the psychical superstition were true that material things absorb the atmosphere and history of those who handle them. If that were so, most of the things which are passing now through Christie's would all be marked and set in a class apart. They convey to us, even as mute witnesses, the enthusiasm of a crowd acting under the impulse of sacrifice. This enthusiasm is not conveyed in a multitude stripping off its jewels and flinging its possessions into a chest. The enthusiasm of a crowd, like all else in these days, has to be organised and allowed to express itself punctually and by the catalogue. But the enthusiasm is none the less a living presence in the sale-room, and turns the leisurely and calm proceedings to pure gold.

Thus, paradoxically, the scene at Christie's is the more joyous in proportion that it is the more melancholy. To realise its glad significance one has also to understand the regret which follows a parting with things long cherished. The greater the regret, the more it will be thankfully remembered in days to come, and the more it testifies to the spirit and meaning of the whole affair. There are names upon the catalogue which will easily be identified with what is most delicate and sensitive in English connoisseurship. These people know that fine possessions matter enormously, that they lift life out of a material rut, and help to form the complete man. They have not lightly parted with things which they owned in the real sense—owned, that is, because they understood them and came under their influence. They know that fine possessions—possessions which are fine because they refine the eye and the mind and the imagination—are sweetness and light and health. They have parted with them because these are days when instinctively we

realise the need to be expressed in other ways than in fine possessions, and because this new need is stronger than the old.

#### IMAGINATION IN PORTRAITS.

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

WE use the word so lavishly that it almost ceases to mean anything at all; such a phrase, for example, as "limited but strong imagination", as usually applied to Bernhardi's theories, or to the pictures of Franz Stock, seems to me to warrant analysis of the loose way in which we include everything that is not simply a flat statement of arithmetic in the term "imagination". The question is, Can imagination be limited and strong? If it is limited, as for instance is the imagination that delights in crude pictures of pretty girls set off by grinning skulls with the hair still on (a type of art dear to Germans), is it really powerful? But what is the test of true or strong imagination if it be not its far and deep vision, its ranging sympathy and grasp? Everyone has seen old pictures of the damned suffering grotesque and obscene torments. They are examples of limited "imagination" because the utmost their painters can do is to suggest extreme physical torture. A man like Bosch piles up bodily agony and indignities with remarkable resource and ingenuity. But as he never approaches realisation of spiritual torment his revivalistic horrors fall altogether flat. People, however, usually say that this kind of picture is strongly imaginative. The Prussians, sticking to the rules laid down in their manual of war conduct, filled the Bryce Report and Mr. Morgan's Appendix thereto. They did this under the impression that it would pay; it was part of their so-called efficiency and strong imagination. As a fact, such "efficiency" and "imagination" were ridiculously inefficient and shortsighted.

Returning, however, to Jerome Bosch, does he not suggest that imagination depends for its validity upon its correspondence with ultimate truth—the only imagination, that is to say, that seriously counts? And should we not restrict the word "imagination" to such conceptions as are, for us at least, rarely comprehensive and deep-seeing? I daresay in Bosch's day it was far-seeing to imagine that in Hell one was mishandled by rabbits and pigs and swallowed whole by bird-headed demons. But in our day the idea of a hairy skeleton threatening a charming girl with death (a favourite conception in German art) is childish and discredited. It is not born of subconscious knowledge and conviction, as were Blake's conceptions, but is consciously worked up from second-hand ideas.

Most people have a vague belief that imagination is to be distinguished from knowledge; that there are true ideas about things, and imaginative notions. The less you know about a subject, therefore, the more play for your imagination. But it is very obvious that Velazquez's portraits of his intimates have incomparably more of the quality we feel to be imagination than have his pictures of comparative strangers. Is this why Mr. John, in his portrait of Mr. Lloyd George, has not made the most of his opportunity to show himself a portrait painter of unusual imagination? His rendering of the most popular politician of the day and the man who is typical in many ways of the British democrat (temp. 1900-1914) is neither one thing nor the other. It almost seems that Mr. George, not proving readily adaptable to Mr. John's conventional type, "panned out" as a sort of compromise between what the painter originally intended and the best he could make of a comparative failure. The ideal of the Minister of Munitions as a great statesman is composed of pretty well every conceivable quality, from Celtic genius to incomparably practical efficiency. The portrait painter who accepts this reading of him would have innumerable motifs for doing his conception justice. Mr. John, however, has not cast his portrait in an heroic vein; he

has not shown us the great orator convulsed with detestation of the people's oppressors, or the great organiser soothing a miners' meeting, a time fuse in his hand, howitzers in the background. But neither has he seen his sitter in what is called the "realistic" way. His portrait is anything but a searching analysis; it has not attempted to reach the mental mechanism within the mask or to lay bare the subtle meaning, the complexities of strength and weakness that make up humanity.

In the fullest sense this portrait is momentary in expression; the accidents of lighting are rendered with the skill and truth that we expect from so accomplished a painter; the whimsical gesture of the face, though vivacious enough, seems to proceed from nothing more significant than a transient emotion. Were this the portrait of a comedian in a well-known part it would most happily express his not very serious or deep-seated feelings. The fame of Mr. George and Mr. John, judiciously reinforced with *apéritif* paragraphs in the papers, had excited considerable curiosity about this portrait, which, it was anticipated, would be a very penetrating interpretation of our successful Minister. Hung in the Chenil Gallery in the midst of a stock collection of John sketches, but few of which are equal to his earlier experiments in this direction, it cannot be conclusively judged, perhaps. Its most trying ordeal will be later, in fifty years or so, when it takes its place in a portrait exhibition of the devoted men who played their part in pulling England out of the mess into which they themselves unthinkingly had steered her. In such an exhibition it will, I hope, compete with portraits manifesting an intenser realisation of the quickened life that stirs the world to-day.

For the rest of the John exhibition it may be said that while some of the paintings (old ones) and many of the etchings remind us of Mr. John's earlier great promise, more suggest unpleasantly that he has not for some time made a serious enough effort to redeem it.

True imagination has been discouraged by our so-called realistic tendency. The present generation of painters, reacting from the sentimentalism and solemnity of the last, shrinks from the serious grand style of portraiture and takes refuge in the chatty or the downright flippant. It is all right in one way, and presumably inevitable. Presumably, too, when the need comes again for a grand style, artists will rise to it. But in the meantime who of our portrait painters could paint a great portrait of a great man or woman? In a remote room at the National Portrait Gallery is Watts's "Lord Lawrence", a terrifying realisation of brooding power; a steam-roller of a man, inspired by loftiest ideals. Well, it would not do to treat a subject of that calibre in the agreeable, chatty way of Mr. Sargent and Mr. Lavery, and all the little Laverys and Sargents. Imagine such a rendering of, say Pétain—a clever, snappy likeness while you wait!

Will the time come when Mr. John shall redeem the promise of imagination given by his early work? Will he be able to rise above the habit of his generation and realise and render the grander qualities of humanity? The sympathy so far revealed in his portraits is circumscribed; like Goya, he responds to the smaller, harder moods of life rather than to the more liberal. There is generally discontent or scorn or veiled derision in his imagination. His recent "Miss Iris Tree" and the "Portrait of a Lady" at Dowdeswell's are destined to be among the few portraits of their school that will represent the value of its movement. And yet there is a curiously indifferent, almost casual, note in their temper; not the sheer technical ease and fluency of one who, having no bother with his craft, presses hotly after something keenly felt; but, so it seems to me, a sort of boredom. On the other hand, these portraits are a natural expression of the special vision of to-day; this early *novecento* outlook is quite as individual as any other period's. Its relative importance is a different matter, on which we cannot pronounce. But conceivably posterity will feel that, though the "Lloyd George" is

interesting and convincing as evidence of the mental attitude of, shall we say, serious pre-War British art and as foreshadowing the great movement of 1930, yet it is not an art of high imaginative rank. Possibly posterity will think it too local, and, as regards its reading of life, too confined by a particular period, to be generally stimulating.

It is impossible for us to tell how important such a portrait will seem in a hundred years. That it will still live is fairly certain, because it does actually express character interestingly seen, because it penetrates beyond the camera's range. In such a case it would not be contradictory to speak of limited but true imagination. Whether we could rightly term any mortal's imagination limitless is probably unascertainable. I suspect that those of whom one thinks in this connection were in themselves conscious of their limitations, because imagination is an ever-changing and progressive quality. But to confound wild ideas, extravagant conceptions and theories that are based on ignorance and lack of sympathetic intuition with strong imagination is unscientific. If far-ranging comprehension and the gift of lofty thought and foreknowledge are what we really want to express when we use the word, the opposite qualities had surely better go as vain imaginings.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
Moor Park, Rickmansworth,

2 April 1916.

SIR,—The sixth column of Special Notes in your current number has one which begins as follows: "The truth is that the Government has not handled the Air Service at all firmly or consistently". For the past ten months you have given consistent support to the Coalition Government, and I am sure it would be a great comfort to many readers who like to follow your lead if you could point to any item within the political arena to which the above words do not apply.

Yours faithfully,

EBURY.

\*\* This letter is referred to in the leading article on the Government in the SATURDAY REVIEW to-day.

### REPRISALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.  
Bengal,

13 March 1916.

SIR,—There is no paper which has stood throughout the war more consistently than the SATURDAY REVIEW for clear thinking, genuine patriotism, and sound morality. It is all the more necessary therefore that it should not risk impairing its good influence by advocating courses of action of which either the morality or the expediency is dubious. Your article of 12 February on "The Policy of Reprisals" seems open to this objection: it does not carry conviction, and if I criticise it, it is mainly in the hope that you may be induced to put forward more convincing arguments in support of a policy which one would like to believe legitimate and useful, but which at first sight appears the opposite.

Your advocacy of reprisals is based on two main points: first that they are a legitimate self-defence, and, second, that they are a punishment adequate to prevent repetitions of the offence against which they are directed. With regard to the former point, you say "Our population has as much right to punish the German nation for murders by Zeppelins as an ordered society has a right to punish its criminals". But is the analogy exact? Granted that the entire non-combatant population of Germany approves of the indiscriminate slaughter caused by the Zeppelins, would it not be more correct to liken them to, say, the wives of a band of murderers who, while taking no active

part themselves, thoroughly approve of what their husbands do? And would any proper system of law consider it justifiable if the actual criminals continued to evade capture to subject their wives to the extreme penalty? It is beside the point to say that we ought to face the horror of punishing German citizens in a counter-attack of reprisals because we can and do face the horror of a surgical operation necessary to preserve life; in the latter case the horror is purely physical, in the former it is mainly moral, the shrinking from doing something that the conscience of civilised man feels to be wrong in itself. For surely no one is prepared to argue that the killing of non-combatants is a right thing in itself, and to justify it on the ground of the good effect it may have is perilously near the doctrine of doing evil that good may come. Surely you are unjust to those who, like Sir Edward Clarke, protest against reprisals by stigmatising them as at war with all painful punishments. The point is not that the punishment is painful, but that it is of such a nature as to degrade the person inflicting it, and that therefore, in the interests of the spiritual progress of mankind, it should be abandoned just as the drawings and quarterings of the old-time law were abandoned when they were felt to be degrading. If there were any question of abstention from reprisals resulting in the total destruction of the Allied cause, the wiping out of a civilisation by a barbarism, there might be more to be said for the legitimacy of the policy; but so long as the Allied forces remain undefeated Germany cannot triumph, and must eventually be brought to account. And surely we may be prepared to pay a price, even a high price, for keeping our national honour free from a stain that would disfigure it in the eyes of succeeding generations. Is not the race greater than the individual, and the maintenance of high ideals of conduct of more importance in the long run than the saving of many lives? The one can be made good in the processes of nature, but to deviate from the path of right must inevitably affect for the worse the whole future progress of the race.

But your second point seems as doubtful as your first. What guarantee have we that reprisals would put a stop to Zeppelin raids? The indications seem to point the other way. There have been French raids officially advertised as in retaliation for the bombing of open towns in England as well as in France, and yet since then Zeppelin raids have, if anything, increased in number. It is significant that when Paris, after long immunity, was again subjected to an air raid, the German Government expressly stated that it was done in reprisal for French raids; that is to say, the French reprisals, so far from preventing Germany repeating the offence, led her to more audacious efforts. Are we not in danger of falling into the very fallacy into which Germany fell when she thought by "frightfulness" to intimidate us? The German people firmly believe their Government when it announces that the Zeppelins have bombed only fortified places, and they could never be made to understand that our attacks were intended as punishment for German attacks on open towns; on the contrary, they would regard them as wanton outrages and would all the more strongly urge their Government to continue the Zeppelin raids.

There is only one effective way of stopping the raids, and that is by bringing the war to an end in the defeat of Germany, and the more we concentrate our energies on this, instead of dissipating them in carrying out policies whose morality and expediency are alike doubtful, the sooner we shall attain our object.

Yours, etc.,  
INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE.

#### MESOPOTAMIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Chelsea, 5 April 1916.

SIR.—The fate of the Gallipoli expedition with its fearful roll of casualties, the premature bombardment

by the Fleet, which, according to Enver Pasha, warned the German-led Turks to be ready to oppose our landing and saved Constantinople from what would otherwise have been its certain fall, the temporary loss of our prestige and the prolongation of the war owing to the increase of our enemies which it caused, have all combined to make the public very anxious about General Townshend and his heroic little army, which has been shut up by vastly superior forces in Kut-el-Amara for four months with a limited supply of provisions and munitions, and which has gone through every possible danger and hardship with the most devoted courage and endurance. Up to now, General Aylmer has not succeeded in relieving him, and his last attack on the Turkish position at Es Sinn failed. With the fierce heat of April and May in the valley of the Tigris, the position of affairs is causing great anxiety, for the Russians have not, as far as we know, advanced south of Kernid, which is some 150 miles from Baghdad. It has been widely rumoured that General Townshend's advance on Baghdad was ordered from London without consulting General Townshend, who is said to have pointed out the grave dangers of such an advance with his insufficient and inadequately provided force. Mr. Chamberlain's reply on the subject in the House of Commons on Tuesday shows that such is not the case, and that, therefore, no blame can be attached to the Government, who can know nothing of circumstances on the spot, and can only be properly guided by the General Officer in actual command of the troops for the time being. If the Government has been wrongfully blamed, it is due to the secrecy which has veiled the proceedings in Mesopotamia and also the extraordinary reply of Lord Islington last week in the House of Lords, that "it would be in the highest degree injurious to our national welfare to let the public know what occurred on the Euphrates last July and at Kut-el-Amara in September"! Why injurious? The public are not easily perturbed and scared; in many ways it would be well if our countrymen, and especially those in country districts, could be a little more stirred up and excited about the war. Not even the attacks by the German murderers in Zeppelins—who should be tried and hanged for wilful murder when caught, as our own people would be treated if they went up in a balloon and dropped bombs on inhabited places—nor the bombardment of Yarmouth and Scarborough made them turn a hair: and certainly the narration of events which occurred in Mesopotamia would not have affected them, especially as the Germans and Turks know by heart everything that occurred, and published the facts far and wide. It is this secrecy which makes the people distrustful, and causes them to think that misfortunes or failings are kept hidden from them. Thence arise rumours of all sorts, often very prejudicial to the Government, whom no reasonable being wishes to hamper or injure. Only let them trust the people and cease to treat them as timidous babies. The German Government does not trust the Germans, but feeds them up day by day with monstrous mendacity, which they apparently suck in like milk, but they are a slavish and brutalised people, who lick the boots of authority from their birth to their death. Our people are not formed in such a mould; they are no slaves, but free Britons, and as such the best course is to trust them and let them know when failures occur and dangers are ahead. They are quite prepared to make any sacrifices to win this war, and with the aid of our glorious Allies to crush the most arrogant and loathsome tyranny which ever threatened the world, and would have accepted conscription at the beginning of the war if the late Government had asked for it. We are all sorely anxious about the fate of General Townshend and his gallant army, and we know him to be a brave and skilful leader of men who will extricate himself with success and honour if it be possible, and our thoughts, like those of His Majesty the King, go out to him with sympathy, admiration,

and earnest prayers for his release from Kut-el-Amara.

Your obedient servant,

ALFRED E. TURNER.

P.S.—Since I wrote the above a report appears that the Tigris Relief Force has attacked and carried the strong Turkish position at Umm-el-Hannah, which is only twenty miles from Kut. This is the best news we have had for a long time, and unless events go very badly we may hope for the relief of General Townshend and his heroic force in a few days.

#### VENEREAL DISEASE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Littlemead, Nutley, Uckfield,

5 April 1916.

SIR,—Others have dealt with the subject of the combating of venereal diseases from the general point of view. I shall endeavour to represent some of the subsidiary points relating thereto.

This whole subject has been, until recently, kept in the dark; it was the beginning of a new era when, only a very few months ago, the word Syphilis appeared in a conspicuous position in the daily papers. Everyone knew something about venereal diseases vaguely, but it was a disagreeable subject, and the less said about it the better.

Many toxic substances thrive best in the absence of light and air—this among them; sunlight and ventilation are inimical to their growth.

It is surely a matter for thankfulness that the facts are now public property, and that the nation is face to face with the problem.

What has been done so far, however, is the merest beginning, and much has still to be done before a large number of well-meaning people will cease to stop their ears and shut their eyes when the subject comes before them.

This avoidance of the subject also is largely answerable for the difficulty which all who are interested in rescue work find when they try to collect funds. Prostitution, as well as the venereal diseases which are spread by it, is still too much regarded as inevitable, and it requires considerable determination to insist upon the contrary position—namely, that neither is inevitable, and that both must be fought with all the might of the nation. Hope must take the place of despair.

Another difficulty is caused by the attitude of mind which regards certain diseases as respectable, and certain as disreputable.

The venereal diseases fall into the latter class. Indeed, the attitude of mind which believes, even if it does not assert, that they should be treated (if at all) as a matter of gracious condescension, because they are caused by the fault of the sufferers, is not unknown.

If it were to be laid down as a maxim that no infirmity should be treated unless it could be proved that it was not caused by any fault of the sufferer, many good Pharisees would be surprised at their own inclusion among the outcasts.

It is, I think, one of the great privileges of the medical profession that we are not expected to act as *censores morum*, that all sick people are our domain, and that sickness, however caused, furnishes a passport to our care. Can it be doubted that this is the Christian position also? Even if this were not so, apart from the fact that these diseases may be, and are, innocently contracted, the sight of any poor human being shattered by disease ought to be enough to evoke active pity. When to this is added the knowledge that others—wives and children, it may be—through no fault of their own, share in the awful suffering caused by venereal diseases, can we not all put aside every feeling except that of compassion, and determine to join in the crusade which may regenerate our race?

The conditions caused by the present awful war render it imperatively necessary that no time should be lost.

A race which can produce the men who are fighting with a heroism never surpassed in the history of the

world is worth taking trouble about. We have to care for them under conditions of war now; some day we shall have the still harder task of caring for them after the war; but if we are to do either of these things there is need of promptness.

I have no doubt that, as soon as our countrymen and countrywomen realise the facts, their love of their country will help them to forward the work with all their might.

Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS H. CHAMPNEYS.

#### "KULTUR AT HOME."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, S.W.,

6 April 1916.

SIR,—The letter signed "Cassandra", in your issue of 1 April, rather spoils quite a good case for the enemy by the violence of its attack. It does not appear to occur to the writer that "she" may have entirely missed the point of the play, which the critics, from whom she quotes in such scathing terms, seem to have discovered. From the managerial point of view, I am indebted to "Cassandra" for once more drawing attention to the excellent notice "Kultur at Home" has received from, among many other papers, the SATURDAY REVIEW, "The Daily Telegraph", "The Sunday Times", "The Globe", etc. From the merely British point of view, I beg leave to sympathise with "Cassandra". To be devoid of any sense of humour in these serious times must make life particularly difficult.

Yours truly,

OTHO STUART.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Sports Club,

St. James's Square, S.W.,

5 April 1916.

SIR,—There are three plays in London to-day concerning which the Realists and Romanticists, despite the tragedy of actual war, are engaged in bitter argument. Having seen all three of them, I should be glad if you will permit me a few words of criticism. The authors of "Kultur at Home" are blamed, apparently, by your correspondent "Cassandra", for the suggestion that the heroine, Margaret Tinworth, is a truthful presentation of a modern English girl. I found her absolutely to the life. "Cassandra" refuses to believe that the girl who was genuinely horrified at the ill-concealed animalism of her Prussian lover could the following day permit her male cousin to grasp her round the ankles whilst she hung pictures on the wall, she the meanwhile balanced on a somewhat rickety ladder. It is but a straw, but one that indicates fairly accurately the wind as it blows over the contemporary maiden, who, though quite possibly infinitely harder and colder and more strictly virtuous than her sentimental grandmother of the Early Victorian era and far less susceptible to the amorous advances of her lover than even a modern German girl could pretend to be, is nevertheless given to a freedom of speech and action which, to one who does not comprehend the varied involutions of her extraordinarily complex femininity, is nothing less scarcely than that which is almost blatant indecorum.

And yet, the while, she is pure as snow and as chaste as Diana herself.

I should be inclined to imagine that, though the outward demeanour of the girl of to-day is immeasurably more advanced than could have been conceived possible in the seventies and eighties of the last century, yet in actual happening there is an iron restraint of which the charming girls of those far off days were practically incapable. Few maidens of that day, and still fewer youths, could have gone holiday-making for weeks together in the simple Arcadian fashion of numerous young people of the present day, without even an approach, however distant, to impropriety of speech or action.

Blood runs thinner than it did when I was their age. Margaret Tinworth is an exact depiction of the girl of almost acidly physical virtue and distaste for the material side of the affections, whilst at the same time she possesses a mentality that is scientifically and logically capable of dis severing the really moral from that which mere appearances would be justified in deciding were absolutely contrary to all the accepted codes and conventions of society.

In the second play we have Mr. Harry Irving, who presents us in "The Barton Mystery" with one of the most wonderful studies in characterisation and subtle contradictions of mind and habit of life, charged with not being sufficiently true to life in that he permits a happy ending to what otherwise threatened to dissolve in tears and tragedy.

Why realism should so rigidly confine itself to the nasty and the sorrowful I have never been able to discover. As Mr. T. B. Aldrich, the American poet, once put it to me when we were discussing Henrik Ibsen: "A rose is as real as an ashpit and a great deal sweeter". Mr. Irving's depiction of a spiritualistic charlatan is so absolutely to the life that one can well imagine his being actually guilty of the conduct which so naturally conduced to a joyful ending to a very clever play. It has been objected that a man of such entirely criminal proclivities would in real life have been exposed and punished, and Mr. Irving and his author have been somewhat severely handled for letting him off in a manner which, to my way of thinking, however, is infinitely more real and likely than a well deserved term of imprisonment would have been.

Men of Beverley's type almost invariably pass out in an unendurable odour of sanctity.

And, lastly, Mr. Bourchier's Claude Du Val, confronted by hard historical fact and surrounded by scenery of the most delightful description, and in the midst of the most fascinating depictions of the life and times of the Merry Monarch, themselves probably real and true enough, escapes his well-deserved fate upon the gallows, in a manner so daring and so impudent and so utterly opposed to all the conventions of the drama and the stage, that even the hardiest of romanticists must declare it is to be regretted in the best interests of the English stage, for such is indeed romanticism and sentimentality run riot.

Faithfully yours,

RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

#### ATALANTA IN CALYDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

3 April 1916.

SIR.—Some twenty or thirty years ago I chanced to read an article (in the SATURDAY REVIEW, I think) wherein the writer deprecated the too easy acceptance of conjectural emendations in Latin and Greek texts. In illustration of his point he pictured a commentator of the future amending the text of Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* exactly as your correspondent Mr. Edward Scott proposes and defending the change on similar grounds. The apt analogy remained in my memory long after I had forgotten the rest of the article, and I was delighted to find the hypothetical critic materialised in your columns last Saturday. The "oversight" theory is quite inadmissible. Swinburne was most careful in his choice of words, though he might have found some difficulty in explaining his choice "to the ordinary intelligence". Moreover, inversions such as Mr. Scott attributes to an oversight are not uncommon in his poems, e.g.:

"Gave the cypress to love, my Dolores,  
The myrtle to death."

And in "Before Dawn":

"Soft hands and lips that smite."

Even in the chorus from which your correspondent quotes there is an instance a few lines farther on:

"Night, the shadow of light,  
And life, the shadow of death."

Yours faithfully,

W. M. MADDEN.

#### REVIEWS.

##### A CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

"The Cambridge Book of Poetry for Children." Edited by Kenneth Grahame. Cambridge University Press. 3 Vols. 3s. net.

THIS is the best selection of poetry for children we have as yet encountered. Mr. Kenneth Grahame has not edited his book on the assumption that children are blind to literary excellence. Most "literature" for children proceeds on the assumption that children see less with their eyes and hear less with their ears than their elders. It is written with care that nothing shall be too hard or too difficult. Stories for children and verse for children—these are so many acts of condescension on the part of wiser folk, careful lest anything unpleasantly true, anything too wildly natural, anything in the least intricate or obscure, should puzzle or darken their small minds. This attitude of the authors who have always tended to command the market for "juvenile literature" explains why the great mass of books, plays, and poetry written expressly for children is trashy and revolting. We have one such book before us as we write, the greater part of which consists of poems, which are (1) dull exhortations to be tidy or kind or not too curious, not too greedy and to have a great respect for the hundred and ten commandments; (2) silly stories in verse about a fly who is vain or a robin redbreast who is faithful; (3) sentimental or picturesque verses concerning the modesty of violets or the cheerfulness of an April shower. No child would willingly look twice at such a book.

Mr. Kenneth Grahame has a very different idea as to what is likely to catch the brain and heart of a child. He seems to believe that nothing can be too good for young people. The Cambridge book of poetry contains some of the best lyrics in the English language—more particularly those lyrics in which the poet has, in Wordsworth's phrase, had his "eye on the object". Mr. Grahame seems to know that what impresses the child is precisely what impresses anyone who is accessible to things truly felt and seen. Where a half-educated person can be deceived into imagining that Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is extremely fine, the child will be satisfied with nothing less than Blake's tiger or Shakespeare's Mustard Seed. It may sound absurd to credit a child with fine literary taste; but there is no doubt whatever in the mind of anyone who has observed children at all that genius is far more likely to have its way with them than mediocrity. A child is alive and sensitive in brain and feeling. It reasons with the most remarkable accuracy, though often with the strangest results. It also feels—in a way that is almost impossible to a sophisticated member of society who is half the time hypnotised by secondhand suggestions and conventions—with an absolute instinctive sincerity which brings it closely into touch with the great poets. Children can understand and enjoy the greater part of Shakespeare, virtually all Shelley, much of Browning, a little of Keats; whereas the fiction of the moderately able, popular favourites of the day are books that are mercifully sealed to them.

But, asks the usual compiler of children's treasures, do you actually propose to open the book of life thus early to young people? What will they make of the things which are only plucked from the tree of knowledge? The answer is that children, when they read, have a marvellous unerring way of seizing on the thing which strikes their imagination, and of ignoring, leaving on one side, the things which fall upon a gap or blind spot in their understanding. The possibility of enjoying a thing without comprehending the whole of it—the mere pleasure of receiving vivid impressions, not all of which are immediately related one to another, many of which are interspersed with dark spaces—this pleasure, while it is not possible to commonsensible, all-knowing persons who have grown to indiscretion, is of the essence of the indiscriminate thirst for good literature of young people. These young wayfarers among the

great poets, dramatists, and novelists have often got what secondary education will in due time deprive them of—namely, a clear eye for things which the great poets have clearly seen, a sensitive passion for things which the great poets have felt. That explains why the best poetry of the world is also the best poetry for children—why Wordsworth's "Daffodils" or Browning's "Lost Leader" are more accessible to them than nonsense about Meddlesome Matty or Dirty Jack. We would go much farther than Mr. Grahame in this belief. He still makes allowances for tender years, despite his fine faith in the child's intuition. He doubts, for example, whether it is good to give them "dialect". Why not? Has Mr. Grahame never heard a child rejoice in words that it does not understand—a child, and very young at that, to whom an unintelligible refrain is a source of ecstasy? Mr. Grahame reserves Shakespeare for sixteen. We once knew a boy who had thrice read his Shakespeare through and through well on the young side of sixteen.

But to grumble even by so much as a syllable is most ungrateful. Here, at last, is a veritable children's treasury—with hardly a line a child would wish away, and offering a wicket-gate for children into some of our finest literature. Shakespeare, Herrick, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Blake, Scott, Keats, Shelley, Swinburne, Byron—all are here. We might have chosen differently ourselves, but we should have chosen on the same principle. This is the right book of its kind at last; but it is sadly doubtful whether it will be imitated. Children, unfortunately, do not choose their own books, and publishers usually cater not for the children's pleasure, but for the pleasure their parents think they ought to have. "Juvenile literature" is written not for children, but for their aunts and uncles—that is why it is usually sentimental and didactic—what every child in its heart describes as "silly". Children read it because their need is great, and for the sake of one vivid thing will endure much boredom and secret revulsion. They do not read it because they want just this abominable stuff and no other. What they really want is what Mr. Grahame here gives them—the best that our poets have laid up for them in the English tongue.

#### THE FORTRESS FRONTIER OF FRANCE.

"Verdun to the Vosges: Impressions of the War on the Fortress Frontier of France." By Gerald Campbell. Arnold. 10s. 6d. net.

[Published this week.]

AT the beginning of September 1914 Mr. Gerald Campbell was sent to France by the "Times" to be its representative on the Eastern frontier, along that great barrier stretching between Verdun and Belfort. No other English newspaper correspondent has remained for any length of time on this portion of the front, and only two or three visited Lorraine after Mr. Campbell settled there, and they came as birds of passage. Mr. Campbell was not alone in his work for the "Times". He had a French colleague of wide experience, M. Fleury Lamure, with whom he wandered from place to place, always with approval from the French military and civil authorities. Indeed, when M. Lamure at a later stage in the war offered himself at the Admiralty in Paris for one of the auxiliary forces, he was told that the best thing he could do for his country was to go on working for the "Times". Mr. Campbell brackets himself with M. Lamure, from whom he received invaluable help in collecting material for letters and despatches. They were busy together from the first week in September 1914 to January 1915, after which correspondents were excluded from the zone of the armies. Nancy was their headquarters. "Between us", says Mr. Campbell, "we visited a large part of the front from Verdun to Ferette, close to the Swiss frontier, and only fifteen or twenty miles from the Rhine. Sometimes we were in the trenches, *à bout portant* of the enemy's rifles, and for four months hardly a day or a night passed when we did not hear the sound of the guns. . . .

Before we came to Lorraine we had both seen a little of the early fighting in Belgium—at Namur and Mons, and Charleroi and Dinant. But it was at Nancy that I really got to know something of French soldiers".

Mr. Campbell came intimately in touch with the 20th Army Corps and with other magnificent troops, and he asks us all to remember what England owes to the French armies of the east, who have held fast through a succession of grave times. Mr. Campbell may rest assured that his twenty-one chapters will be read and re-read, in spite of the fact that the terrific battle for Verdun, lasting week after week, has thrown the events of early critical months into a distant perspective. What his readers will enjoy, what they will rest upon with confidence, is the quiet thoroughness of his pages. It is becoming difficult to find a book on the war into which the outlook of a novelist has not found its way, with all the tricks that an expert skill in fiction gives to narration and to character-sketching. Mr. Campbell writes as a travelling historian, a Froissart of the Press, and his impressions have no affectation of any sort. They never fall into sentimentalism, nor have they ever the tremolo of the false heroic. So many vicious styles of writing are being introduced by the war that it is heartening to meet with a man who can do his duty as a war-correspondent in a soldierly way, without fuss and without grandiloquence.

Mr. Campbell was at Dijon when news came of the victory on the Marne. There was no clamour. Dijon and France received the good news with the utmost dignity, and with "a fuller realisation of the value and sincerity of the alliance with England". At Belfort and elsewhere Mr. Campbell noticed the excellent patriotism of the French Socialists, and he thought of the fanatics at home, who declared that national service would produce an industrial revolution. Every fit man in France answered "Present" to the call of his native land, and would have laughed with scorn had his natural act been regarded as "heroism". Mr. Campbell enables his reader to feel the concentration of purpose that is given to a whole nation by the equitable custom of general military service. And another point is the way in which military training adapts itself to national character. "The German soldier, for all his courage", says Mr. Campbell, "is part of a mass, a cog or a nut in an unthinking machine. The Frenchman, for all his discipline, remains an individual, and the French Army is made up not of men burning with the spirit of *la revanche*, but of patriots who have gone to the defence of their country because they thought it time".

Like other eye-witnesses, Mr. Campbell has seen that the most cheerful temper is found in the neighbourhood of the battle lines. Here the French set about the business of war in a light-hearted, boyish way, while behind the armies, far away from the trenches, war is a dreary affair. A French colonel, short and middle-aged, invented a new toy in order to please his men; it was a system of taps and pulleys and cisterns and boilers, culminating in hot baths and cold shower-baths. As the colonel "was showing it off, he stopped for a moment to listen to the scream of an approaching shell, then said, 'Ce n'est pas pour nous', and went on enthusing over the merits of his new toy. Apparently he had not a thought of war in his head".

When speaking of the light-hearted French troops Mr. Campbell does not mean that they are unmindful of the cause for which they fight. He says: "For all their light-heartedness they are taking the war as seriously as a religion, and out of the travail of it a new France has been born".

We are glad to be reminded by Mr. Campbell that Germany invaded France before she invaded Belgium as in the raid on the village of Suarce, between Montreux Vieux and Pfetterhausen. There were nineteen deliberate acts of trespass by armed men between Longwy and Belfort. Twelve of them occurred on Sunday, 2 August, in the Belfort district; the others, at Cirey and other places further north, took place on the Sunday or the Monday. At Suarce nine

Frenchmen were made prisoners of war before war was declared; their names are given by Mr. Campbell, and the story is published in detail for the first time.

The picture of Nancy in a state of siege does full justice to the old city and her border-race of fighters. How many Englishmen remember that Nancy is a Lorraine city, and that General Joffre's offensive in Alsace and Lorraine, with which the campaign on the eastern frontier opened, gave to our Ally a strong foothold on German territory which has been ever since of great strategical value? The advance north of the Vosges barrier failed; but south of the Vosges, "in front of the Trouée de Belfort, intersected by the Rhine-Rhône canal and the tributaries of the Doubs and the Ill, it so far succeeded that the scene of action has remained ever since in the enemy's country". This advance, of course, cannot be looked upon as an off-set to the invaluable French land across which the Germans have cut their trenches; but it serves from day to day a very useful purpose in that crouching defensive which is always ready for a spring forward.

The chapters on Mulhouse and Morhange are pulsating history, for Morhange was one of those defeats in which an army learns self-respect and self-control. On 20 August 1914 the men of the 15th Army Corps were flying in confusion towards Lunéville and Nancy. "Two or three days later, when they had been rested and reformed behind the curtain of the divisions with which they afterwards shared the defence of Nancy, they were different men. They were no longer the happy-go-lucky children of the south, brilliant in deed, but deficient in the power of resistance. One battle had made them . . . resolute men of war . . . and that is why France should think of Morhange with pride".

Terrible things occurred in "the martyred town" of Gerberville. Several inhabitants were burned to death in the cellars, and others were shot in the streets as spies or franc-tireurs or what not. Mr. Campbell has seen a photograph, taken by a responsible official, of fifteen white-haired old men whose dead bodies were found, after the German withdrawal, lying in a field near the town. "Their hands were bound together, their trousers had been unbuttoned and were clinging round their knees, either as a brutal insult, or else—the irony of it—to prevent them from running away. They were shot in batches of five. The signal for their 'execution' was given by the senior officer of the troops who had occupied the town. He sat at a table placed close to the scene of their murder drinking with some other officers. Three times he lifted his glass to his lips, and each time that he did so a volley was fired and five old men fell dead on the ground".

There is an excellent account of the battle of the Grand Couronné, in which the French turned defeat into victory. They suffered huge losses. "In one division, 22,000 strong on 23 August, only 8,000 men capable of fighting were left on 10 September. . . . The whole country over which the battle was fought is one vast cemetery. There are graves everywhere—by the roadside, in the woods, in the middle of exposed plateaux, in remote corners of fields, in the steep passes of the Vosges, in the trenches and village gardens where the dead men fought each other and died. . . ."

For the rest, there are good pages on the value of war-correspondents, on the courage shown by many nations, on the gradual rise of England to the duty of national service, and on many other topics connected with the main theme. There are four good maps and seventeen illustrations, including portraits of Generals Foch, Dubail, and de Castlenau.

#### ETERNAL ROME.

"*East and West through Fifteen Centuries.*" By Brig.-Gen. G. F. Young. In Four Volumes. Vols. I. and II. Longmans. 36s. net.

THIS history, which may almost be described as a history of the world, with its chronicle of events from the birth of the Roman Empire to the Renais-

sance, is intended for those "who have not much time at their disposal." For a work which is to be complete in four volumes of good size this is modestly put. Much labour must have gone to its making, but it is not easy to define the status of the book. One can only say that it falls somewhere between the popular history advertised as giving "knowledge to the million" and the severely scientific record. It fails to meet the needs either of the devoted student or of those persons who want to get wise quickly. General Young, however, has a pleasant style, as well as industry, and we have read his first two volumes with pleasure. As a rule, he is a shrewd judge of authorities, and concerning certain periods he has definite views of his own. His estimate of the Tacitean Tiberius is a good example of his critical powers. The second Roman Emperor is here described as "stainless, upright, and austere," whereas the historical rhetorician painted him as a monster of iniquity. General Young has on his side the whole weight of contemporary evidence and modern research. Tacitus, trained in a school where lying was made a fine art, using the testimonies of four spiteful women, writing in the reign of Trajan, believed he could best flatter the living by constant abuse of the dead. All his art and genius cannot deceive us to-day.

The negative evidence of Juvenal, and the positive evidence of those who wrote during the eighty years after the death of Tiberius, both show how false and malicious was the Tacitean portrait. In his account of the tragedy of the Cæsars, and in many other places, the writer of these volumes is wise in his reliance on contemporary authorities, but his judgment is less sound when he deals with invasions, devastations, casualty lists, and the size of armies. On these matters one must be sceptical. Our own age shows how war begets a tendency to exaggeration, both of victories and of defeats. There is no bound to the credulity of man, either in terror or in triumph. In the second of these volumes the author is obliged, after many pages devoted to fire and sword, to say something of the tenacity of the Latin race which, one would think, he and the barbarians had utterly exterminated. In Spain, for instance, it is now recognised that the Gothic conquest involved the establishment of a monarchy and aristocracy, but neither a colonisation nor the destruction of the Celtiberian and Latinised population. In Italy and France, although the Lombards and Franks may have settled in larger numbers, the truth presently appeared that civilised races seldom die, and that their languages, customs, and religions will probably survive by centuries those monuments of stone and marble which insensate savages love to break.

In his story of that terrible period wherein the Roman Empire fell, General Young abandons his critical sense. It is, for instance, very hard to believe that at the end of a day's battle against the Huns on the Mauriac Plain, the two armies had lost 340,000 men in killed alone. When the author deals with the invasion of Britain and the Moslem conquest of North Africa he is equally ready to accept the old, inflated tales. In recent months we have seen the flight of two peoples before armies apt at frightfulness, yet Belgians and Serbs, in whatever miserable condition, still remain in their countries. To say that the Britons only survived in a few western counties is a clear over-statement. Countless women and children must have been reserved by the marauders for other purposes than slaughter, and one cannot doubt that the forests, which in those days began to cover our island, concealed great numbers of the conquered. Hills, too, must have been a refuge, as, centuries later, they were in Ulster for the native Irish. And with the introduction of Christianity among the Anglo-Saxons a regular fusion between the races must have begun.

General Young has several sharp and wise things to say of Gibbon and of Gibbon's hatred of Christianity, but one must discount his statement that the Roman population of North Africa accepted wholesale martyrdom for its faith. Many must have accepted Islam,

and the disappearance of their stock through intermarriage with the Saracens is not impossible, considering how they were divided from Europe by the sea. The author's declaration that a mixture of European and Asiatic blood is "never" obliterated rests on a bad analogy. The Eurasian in India is, so to speak, segregated from birth, and retains his characteristics chiefly because he has been allowed to acquire no others. In countries where union with a slave, or subjected, race carries no social disabilities a very different result has been seen to follow. That the Latin people, elsewhere so tenacious of life, should have disappeared is peculiar, but here one must allow something for its unfortunate geographical position. Also, even allowing for the bias of Gibbon, it must be agreed that the Saracens had elements of greatness beyond the mere frenzy of Hun and Vandal, or the quickly spent glory of the Goths. In Europe they were raiders, or accidental conquerors; but on the other side of the Mediterranean they can be imagined capable of absorbing the outposts of Rome.

The general impression, however, which these volumes produce is of Rome's eternal power. The destruction of its overgrown Empire, and the invasions and devastations of those terrible hordes from North and East, were but incidents of world-history. Gradually, by circuitous ways, the Latin civilisation conquers. France, Spain, Italy, revert to the higher race; England, at the Norman Conquest, comes under the old influence. With the Renaissance the very graves of Rome seemed to give up their dead, and barbarian victories were made to seem ephemeral. Not even yet, perhaps, is the revival complete; but that very North Africa, where the Latin people had disappeared so strangely, has once more been brought under the sway of the peoples who knew Caesar.

#### FERDINAND THE FOX.

"Ferdinand of Bulgaria." By the Author of "The Real Kaiser." Melrose. 2s. net.

**T**HIS is frankly a portrait in deepest dye—and we are not altogether sorry to behold it. Ferdinand of Bulgaria has been so grossly favoured in the past by pro-Bulgarian Englishmen, he has so successfully deceived the public and the British Government, so astutely played for English favour, and sidled himself into British sentiment, that it is well to have the other side forcibly put by an author who is credulous of the worst, and writes for the prosecution. This book has not the genius or vitriolic penetration of Raemaekers' celebrated cartoon, but it will serve very well as a warning at a time when people are whispering that Bulgaria may come back to us and stab her present allies, as she has stabbed and stabbed again at her friends in the past. We have no use for such friendship as Bulgaria could bring, even if she would. We have broken with our illusions about Bulgaria—illusions largely responsible for the tragic obliteration of Serbia last autumn.

We cannot associate ourselves with some of the charges which the author brings against King Ferdinand. He puts the case for suspecting that Ferdinand was incriminated in the murder of Stepan Stambuloff in July 1895. He says that a few days after the murder "the 'Svoboda' openly accused Ferdinand of direct and full responsibility for the murder of Stambuloff—an accusation which is supported by such a mass of evidence as would hang any man, prince or commoner, in a community such as our own". We wish he had given the date of this remarkable passage.

Ferdinand is here depicted as living always in fear of assassination, yet makes no effort to coax his way into the sympathies of an unruly people. On the contrary, "Ferdinand was pleased to travel widely in his principality. . . . The little municipalities he honoured with his visits had to prepare a ruinous hospitality in advance. A visit from the Prince beggared a community and left it bankrupt for years. Ferdinand ate up little villages like a locust, and earned

the deep detestation of the impoverished peasants". By this means "he established a moral ascendancy over the boors!"

No: the book is not exactly in the school of English historians. It proves nothing conclusively. It gives neither documents nor dates nor evidence. It is often not consistent and sometimes incredible. Were Ferdinand better known in this country we should desire it to be more coolly written and less obviously eager to make a case. But we are not at all sure it is a bad thing for people to know that there is another side to the pleasant gentleman who so easily wins the suffrages of English travellers. The case for the prosecution is overdue, and here it is urged to the hilt in a popular form. It is intrinsically nearer the truth than the false estimates of Ferdinand and the Bulgarians with which the British Press and Foreign Office were so long supplied.

#### ONCE A MONTH.

In the "Nineteenth Century and After" we turn first to the last article. Mr. Lathbury writes on "Clearing Skies" and criticises some of the severer critics of the Government, particularly of its foreign policy in the Balkans. He sees light coming in the Eastern quarter, but does not allude to Kut and Mesopotamia—we fear a somewhat formidable omission to-day. We have always thought ourselves that the Foreign Office had a virtually impossible task with the false and crafty Power Bulgaria, once the Central Powers were trampling over the armies of Russia, driving them out of Poland, and paralysing for long to come their striking power. Dr. Dillon is probably easier to combat on this ground than on those of pure diplomacy, on which Mr. Lathbury joins issue with him. We cannot agree with Mr. Lathbury that the Government has put up a good defence in regard to air policy; indeed, so far as the defence of London and other large cities is concerned, the Government can put up no real defence whatever of its policy—which we might describe as a policy of non-preparation. As to the recruiting confusion, we fear Mr. Lathbury does not quite grasp the fact that immense numbers of single men were got away into sheltered occupations

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when they ought to have been earmarked for work in the Army : and unfortunately, owing to the extraordinary provision of two months' grace to them even should their certificates be withdrawn, these men in many cases will be difficult to deal with. Professor J. H. Morgan has an article entitled "With the French Armies", which is written with his usual high spirits and in a manner we admire : he is the best of all the contributors of war sketches to-day, quite the master of good nervous English, and never running thin. Mr. Maia, too, must be read, and will certainly be enjoyed, on "Our Greatest Achievement"—Shakespeare. "It is with a sense of getting back to clean fresh air after having been immured in a cesspool that we read Shakespeare after some of our latter-day prophets". That is well said, and for the sense one may recommend the reading of "Pericles" not less than "A Winter's Tale". There are other good things in the issue.

In the "Fortnightly Review" there are fifteen articles and a long chapter on the history of the war. Mr. W. H. Mallock writes on democracy and industrial efficiency, a subject around which a great many fallacies have gathered ; but we fear that organised hand-labour is not at all likely to accept reasonable arguments. It is an orchestra out of tune, and it wants to hold in subjection both its conductors and its composers. Mr. Mallock desires that it should be an orchestra in tune, and eager to obey inventive genius and administrative tact and skill. He sees that the best industrial brains, not the political tactics of industrial votes, will win this war, other things being equal. Mr. Robert Crozier Long sets thought in motion on another subject of equal interest, asking his countrymen to look at the war from outside its British atmosphere in order that they may understand what onlooking nations are saying about it and about them. Captain Battine is occupied with the war from nearly the same standpoint, and "Politicus" also, in an excellent paper on the teachings of the Napoleonic War, dwells on the dangers at home which our country has to overcome where her ill-organised and unmilitary power is at war with a perfectly organised military State. Mr. Archibald Hurd has looked at this lesson—and at several others—in three articles on "Secrets of the Admiralty", historical articles based on contemporary records ; he proves that the nation has owed her safety to her sailors and not to her politicians. "Our Armies in Peril", by "Custos", is, in the main, a glorification of Lord Haldane's work at the War Office, but it is followed by "En Vedette's" candid paper on "The Imposed Neutrality of Belgium". Sir Clement Kinloch-Cooke gets to close quarters with a very difficult problem—land settlement after the war ; and there are other papers full of interest, particularly one on the art of Henry James, written by Mr. Wilfrid L. Randell.

In the "National Review" are two articles which should be widely read. One is "The Exportation of Works of Art", by Mr. W. Roberts, the other Lord Esher's "Lex Talionis". Mr. Roberts draws attention to a grave question that has often been in our thoughts of late—namely, what will happen to English works of art and rare books in our private collections after the war. Unless the State attends shortly to this, the great majority of the rarest and most beautiful things in this country will be bought up by American millionaires and taken across the Atlantic. The loss will be simply irreparable, and an ancient glory will depart for ever from our country. The United States will receive what—rightly considered—will not really enrich her but will utterly impoverish England. We hope attention will be directed to this matter at once. Is there no member of the Cabinet who can take the subject in hand and concentrate on it ? We fancy we could name two or three at least who could be taken from war work without serious loss to the Army and Navy, and set to work on this question.

Lord Esher's article deals with reprisals for Zeppelin raids. He will have nothing to do with confused and false sentimentalism. He sees that the German people, men and women alike, associate themselves with the Zeppelin attacks on our open towns and villages and the indiscriminate murder of women and children ; and he does not believe in fighting "a mailed fist with a kid glove". Of course Lord Esher does not advise or desire vengeance reprisals ; but who, with an atom of common sense or decent feeling, ever has ? "Reprisals by way of vengeance were not, I am confident, in the mind of Lord Rosebery. He was concerned with acts or threats that might check the weekly massacre of the innocent". Preventive reprisals are, of course, what Lord Rosebery advised : and this, as we all know, is the policy and practice of the French nation at the present time.

"Blackwood's Magazine" opens with two articles concerning the enemy—"In the Hands of the Austrians", by Dr. Alice Hutchison, and "The Decline of Emperor William" (Anon.). Dr. Hutchison found the Austrians polite till they were crossed or resisted, and then they would sometimes become almost like Germans, though they never reached the Prussian level of roughness. The Austrians when with the Germans appear,

says Dr. Hutchison, to feign rather than be the blusterer. Alone the Austrian is kind and tactful. Then we go East with "W. J. C." to the Black Sea Coast ; thence to Somaliland with "Zeres" ; thence to sea with "G. F." ; and later to Flanders with "Junior Sub." Politically Blackwood's this month is eloquently appreciative of the work of Mr. Hughes, and not very hopeful as to the prospects of the policy he advocates unless the national temper rises and declares itself.

The "Cornhill" opens with a literary portrait of Catharine Gladstone by her daughter—a very pleasant picture of a witty and imaginative woman. She lives in many good sayings here recorded, in warm friendships, and happy affections. Judge Parry contributes an excellent article on the passing of the indictment, in which learning sits easily along with a pleasant style. "A Rhodesian Rifleman" shows us a soldier of the Dominions—of whom, because he is usually more a deedy than a wordy man, we have heard too little in this war. Mr. A. C. Benson contributes a personal article upon Henry James, and Mr. Edmund Gosse discusses the author of "Festus". The Shakespeare tercentenary throws its bright shadow before in an article by the Archdeacon of Northampton on Aubrey and Shakespeare. The serial of Mrs. Humphry Ward and Lucas Malet's revision of Kingsley's "The Tutor's Story" are continued.

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**LONDON & THAMES HAVEN OIL.**

THE Ordinary General Meeting of the London and Thames Haven Oil Wharves, Limited, was held on Monday, Sir Owen Philippa, K.C.M.G., M.P., presiding.

The Chairman said that during the first eight years an average dividend of 7½ per cent. per annum was paid, while for the last ten years the dividend had been 8 per cent. per annum, which must be regarded as a satisfactory return on the capital. At this, their eighteenth annual meeting, the board were again able to present to the shareholders satisfactory accounts. Last year their annual report and accounts were issued before the Government had announced its intention of imposing an excess profits tax. He mentioned to them at the last annual meeting that excess profits had been earned, and it was for that very reason that the board adopted the course of further consolidating the financial strength of the company instead of paying, as could have been done, a somewhat larger dividend. It was now evident that the course of action then adopted was a wise one. They did not yet know the amount of the excess profits tax for the year 1915, and therefore the directors had not seen their way to add anything to reserve, but were carrying forward a considerably larger balance than usual to cover this and other possible contingencies arising out of the war. Although they had not added to the reserve this year, the amount placed to reserve last year was so considerable that the company's position was in no way impaired. The company, by reason of those advantages which had made it so useful to the great petroleum trade, was essentially engaged on work of which it was not desirable to speak in public. The work of the year under review had been attended by grave anxiety and many difficulties, but it had been carried through with a minimum of inconvenience to their clients, and a patient and whole-hearted enthusiasm by all those of the staff who remained with them. In the national interests no developments properly capable of being deferred had been undertaken during the past year. But they had the satisfaction of knowing that no work which had been absolutely necessary had been suspended, and in spite of trying circumstances the whole of their property had been kept in a complete state of repair. They had been able to renew their lease of the Central Wharf property, which had been written down in the books of the company to a nominal sum of £1, but which was a very conveniently-situated and valuable property. Any money the company had been able to spare had been invested by the board in War Loan and Treasury Bills. They had, as last year, contributed to patriotic calls on their charity in a manner which had seemed right and proper to the board, and they had also taken reasonable care of the interests of those who had left them to answer the call of their country to active service. He assured the shareholders that the company was in a very sound position. Concluding, he moved the adoption of the report and the payment of a further dividend, making, with the interim payment, 8 per cent. for the year, less income tax.

Mr. Alfred C. Adams, the managing director, seconded the motion, which was carried.

**SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND.**

THE 102nd Annual General Court of the Scottish Widows' Fund Life Assurance Society was held on Tuesday, the 4th inst., at Edinburgh. H. E. Richardson, Esq., W.S., the Chairman of the Ordinary Court of Directors, presiding. The Chairman said:

The report in your hands relates to a year during which the country was continuously waging a war of vital moment to the nation and on an unparalleled scale. You will expect to find that this has had its effect on the work of the Society. The Directors believe, however, that the members will agree with them in thinking that the results of the year are, nevertheless, very satisfactory. The transaction of new life business has unquestionably been very much hampered by the general disturbance of business conditions, by the universal preoccupation of the people in the affairs of the war, and by the fact that many of our officials to whom we look to stimulate the flow of new business have been absent on military service. In spite of these special difficulties we issued during the year new life policies assuring a total amount of £1,827,000, of which £172,000 has been re-assured, leaving net new sums assured amounting to £1,655,000 and producing a new annual premium revenue of nearly £80,000 per annum. Already 50 per cent. of our permanent staff of all ages and 75 per cent. of those of military age, have engaged in military duties. Of the remainder, practically all who were eligible have been attested under Lord Derby's scheme, with the Directors' assistance and encouragement. We have already to mourn the loss of seven of our young men, of whom six died while on active service with the Expeditionary Forces, and one while in training in this country.

A full year of war has naturally led to a rise in our death claims, which amounted last year to £1,325,000, showing a considerable increase over the average of recent years. The claims directly arising from naval or military service amounted to £150,000 last year and to about £50,000 in 1914, making a total of £200,000 up to the end of 1915. This, however, is not all loss because we have to set against it extra premiums received for war risks, and also the reserves held by the Society against the policies, and making these deductions, we estimate that the net loss up to the end of 1915 from claims arising directly out of the war is about £160,000. The death claims for 1915 were, as I have said, considerably above the average of recent years, yet the total (including war claims) is well under 50 per cent. of the amount for which provision was made in the Society's valuations. The total premium income of the year was £1,434,000. The interest income before deduction of tax rose from £22,000 to £946,000, and the gross rate of interest showed a slight increase over the rate for last year, calculated on the total funds. The expenses of management are smaller than in 1914, both in absolute amount and in proportion to the premiums, the ratio of expenses being only 9 2/3s per cent. of the premium income. The excess of income over outgo was £282,000, which has been added to the funds, and the total funds at the end of the year amounted to £22,284,000.

Our holding in British Government securities has been very greatly increased, and stood at the high figure of over £1,000,000 at the end of last year, an amount which has since been doubled. In addition to investing in War Loans or Treasury Bills practically the whole amount that would ordinarily have been available for investment, they thought it right to assist the Government in regulating the American Exchange by realising a large block of American securities at prices which were favourable in themselves and which were made more favourable by the abnormal rate of exchange. We have in this way disposed of about three millions of such securities, and I am happy to say this has been done at only a small loss on the original cost, and at a considerable profit over the values of 1913 at which the securities stood in the books. The proceeds of these sales have been invested in British Government securities, our total holding of which now amounts to just under four millions sterling.

I have now finished my review of the past year, and we must again turn our faces forward. It is only by self-denial, economy, and thrift in all classes of the community that the country can support the enormous financial strain of the war. The great financial interests in the country will continue to do all they can to provide the necessary funds, but much of the necessary money can be obtained only from the personal economies of persons of moderate means. To such persons there is assuredly no better means of saving than is afforded by life assurance, which has been well called scientific thrift. Savings invested with the Society in this way will help to meet the financial needs of the country as effectively as they would do if directly invested with the Government; for the Society which collects them in detail is thereby enabled to invest them in bulk in new issues of Government securities. Never, perhaps, has life assurance been more valuable and attractive than at the present time. If a man who has accumulated a capital fund for the benefit of his family now finds that the provision he has made is much reduced because his investments have greatly shrunk in value; if he has lost money in business owing to the war, or is likely to do so in the future; or if he has relied on building up a provision for his family by comparatively large annual savings of capital which he cannot now continue to make—in all these cases there is only one efficient means of filling up the gap in the necessary financial provision, and that means is life assurance; for a life policy is the only form of investment enabling a capital sum to be secured, however soon death may occur, by means of comparatively small annual payments ceasing at death.

Again, savings invested in life assurance carry the special privilege—an exceptionally valuable one at the present time—that rebate of income tax is allowed in respect of the premiums paid, and as this privilege extends also to super-tax, life assurance is particularly attractive to the fortunate, or unfortunate, victims of that tax, as well as to the other classes to which I have referred. It only remains for me to add that Members of the Scottish Widows' Fund who are considering further assurances for themselves, or are advising their friends to effect them, can have no difficulty in indicating the proper office in which to effect assurances.

I have now formally to move the adoption of the report and accounts.

The report was unanimously adopted.